

Rupert's Land



"The Eagle"

Volume xvii

June 1949

St. John's College

WINNIPEG



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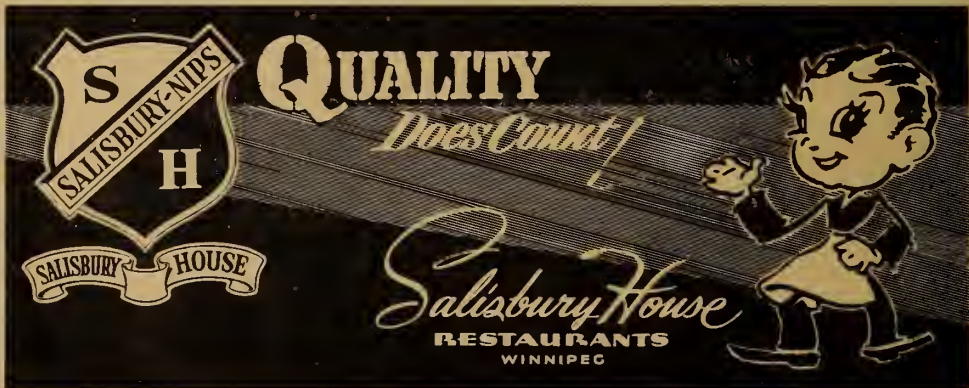
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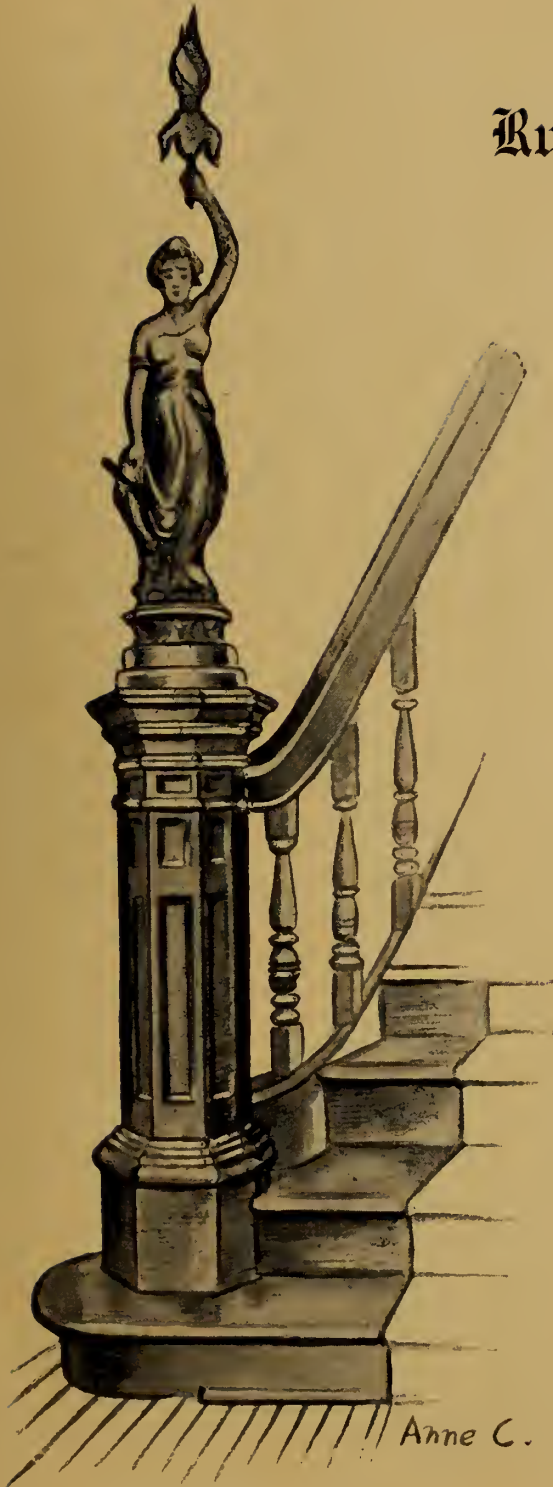
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Winnipeg - Manitoba

VOLUME 17

JUNE, 1949



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FORT GARRY GATE

Winnipeg's Seventy-fifth Anniversary



DURING the week of June 5 to 11, Winnipeg will be making every effort to celebrate her seventy-fifth birthday. The week is going to be one of continuous festivities for everyone, because a special committee has been working for months to plan programs and parties that will include every person in the city.

In its earliest days Winnipeg was a small settlement of only a few white people and many Indians. To re-enact those days, a tribe of Indians from Alberta is being brought into the city, and they will come fully equipped with feathers and teepees; these will certainly lend quite a flavor of the pioneer days to Winnipeg, now Canada's fourth largest city.

Along with the open air activities that will take place on the Parliament Buildings' grounds and in Assiniboine Park, special programs will be taking place in the Civic Auditorium and Playhouse Theatre. A special concert is to be given by the Winnipeg Symphony as well as a special ballet program to be presented by the Winnipeg Ballet. There is even going to be ice in the Amphitheatre so that Winnipeg will be able to enjoy an Ice Carnival in the middle of June; the big attraction is going to be Barbara Ann Scott who will thrill us all with her skating. Our own Rosemary Henderson will also be doing a solo, while some of our other girls will be skating in the choruses.

Winnipeg's big birthday celebration will be enjoyed not only by its own citizens and visiting celebrities, but also by the many people who are planning to visit our city that week just for the fun of it all. According to all reports, the week of June 5 to 11 will certainly be the biggest week yet in the history of the city of Winnipeg.



BACK ROW—Jill Baker, Joan Croll, Miss Speers, Miss Lucas, Miss Turner, Miss Peirson, Joan Everett, Shannon Hall, Jane Wallace.
FRONT ROW—Gail Florance, Joanna Hollenberg, Ruth Swatland, June Kobar, Pamela Hallis.

Magazine Executive, 1948-49

Adviser to the Editors.....Miss Turner
Editors.....Gail Florance, Joanna Hollenberg, Ruth Swatland
Business ManagersMiss Lucas, Pamela Hallis, June Kobar
Sports.....Joan Everett, Rosemary Henderson
Photography.....Dorothy Bailey, Elizabeth Hickman, Elinor Shaw, Nancy Smith
Art.....Jill Baker, Mary Lou Sime, Jane Wallace
Recording Events.....Miss Peirson, Ruth Swatland, Jane Wallace
Advertising Conveners.....Miss Speers, Joan Croll, Shannon Hall

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FORM REPRESENTATIVES

Shelagh Joy Jocelyn Carey Barbara Risk

Editorial

A CO-OPERATIVE spirit retaining the spirit of individualism is the goal of the democratic world of today. Last year, theories on individualism were propounded in this book's editorial; it is, however, our contention that individualism is essential to the world at large with this proviso: every man should work with his individualistic ideas, but at the same time have a definite view of others in mind. Often men and women have to go out on their own to reach for their ideals, yet no hermit ever accomplished anything much for the good of humanity, because isolation loses this co-operative view towards others. On the other hand, co-operation may become twisted and distorted until the main purpose is lost and either a dictatorship or a communistic state is evolved. If the individual must give up the free expression of his ideas and merely co-operate with the group, enthusiasm and democracy is lost.

Everyone who is not a hermit, and most people are not, is part of a group — either a team, a class, a staff, or something of the sort. In groups of any kind, good leaders are necessary. More than that, the individualism of each person contributing to the group as a whole is very necessary to obtain that wholehearted spirit which is so essential and wonderful to feel. These three things — good leadership, individualism merged into co-operation, and a spirit of enthusiasm keep us from the individual being completely subjugated to the group. Let us have group effort, but not make the mistake of thinking that it is the leaders alone who matter. The co-operation and individualism of each person is necessary to give the group that spirit and wholeheartedness which appears in democracy, but not nearly enough as yet.

With this spirit comes a regard for others, without which any effective co-operation, small or large, cannot be obtained. If this spirit of co-operation were present at school among students, the enthusiasm and regard for others, which go together, and which we feel has been somewhat lacking in school life, would accompany it. It is a vicious circle — begin by co-

operation and the rest will follow. Men fighting for their country have felt this spirit and regard for one another; why cannot any group working towards any goal feel the same way?

From co-operation between individuals develops national co-operation. Only if harmony exists in a country can that country survive; it is when this harmony or co-operation splits and produces acute discord that the internal life of a country seethes and may break out into open rebellion. This may be, you may say, a very harsh accusation to make against an un-co-operative spirit, but the fact remains that rebellions and civil wars have not been lacking in the past and certainly are not now. The future yet remains. This good spirit of co-operation has recently been exemplified by the entry of Newfoundland into confederation and the Dominion of Canada; this gives two previously distinct countries, though existing side by side and part of the British Empire, the chance to work together in a spirit of co-operation.

Co-operation may also be taken in an even larger sense — that of world co-operation. This always has been and still is the highest aim of man. It is the aim of the conqueror striving to rule the world; it is the aim of councils of men working together to make agreements for the good of the world at large. The desire for one united world is the aim of both these factions; the difference is in their ways and means; the conqueror seeks to overrun with armies — an effective means until it is checked; the round table discussion, giving a voice to the smallest parts of the world, is by far the most democratic means. Such an organization was set up in the League of Nations after 1918; it failed. Such an organization called the United Nations is at work now; its success is threatened by un-co-operative Russia. If this spirit of co-operation can overcome the desire for power carried to the extreme in some countries, then only will we have world peace.

THE EDITORS.

Miss Bartlett's Letter



MISS BARTLETT

My Dear Girls:

Each issue of "The Eagle" is the result of a very great deal of planning and hard work on the part of many individuals, and I want this year to say something in appreciation of what has been done.

As I have watched the production of our year book, I have seen develop an ever-increasing co-operation between members of the staff, senior girls who act as editors, and on business, advertising and photographic committees and also the many members of the school who see to it that there are the contributions necessary to make the magazine a success. All this has made it possible for us to have a magazine of which we may well be proud. Enthusiastic comments regarding last year's "Eagle" have come to me from eastern Canada, from England and also from many in our own neigh-

bourhood. I congratulate you all on the success of your efforts.

The spirit that has been evident in this work can well be an example to us all for every undertaking. The world today needs so badly this spirit of co-operation, the spirit that makes us forget ourselves and work for the good of others. I hope that you may all strive your utmost to live up to our excellent motto: "*Alta Petens*." Try always to seek the heights, especially in the realm of character, living a life consecrated to the service of those around you. In this way you will make a worthwhile contribution to the life of the world in your generation.

Yours affectionately,

ELSIE M. BARTLETT

Head Girl



RUTH SWATLAND

ACCORDING to tradition, this page is devoted to the Head Girl of the School whose photograph aptly illustrates this page, expressing better than this article does, the personality of Ruth Swatland herself.

Ruth left Windsor School to enter R.L.S. for Grade X, coming as a rather shy girl who was, however, quick to adapt herself to her new surroundings, ready to be friendly and interested in all around her. In the three years that she has been with us she has developed a great deal, making many friends, gaining poise, powers of leadership and a quick sympathy, without losing her ability to listen to other people's ideas as well as advance her own, and to make use of the enthusiasm and energy of others, co-ordinating and making practical the schemes and activities of the girls whom she has led so ably.

A gifted pianist, Ruth enjoys both solo performance and accompanying, demonstrating a fine technique and powers of interpretation, as well as a sympathetic co-operation with singers — she herself enjoys singing, too. This summer Ruth will be attending the Banff Summer School, studying piano with Mr. Jolas; we envy her the wonderful time that she will have making new friends and enjoying that glorious mountain scenery. Reading period novels and skiing in the winter, swimming and running her own motorboat on the Red River in the summer, are Ruth's favourite recreations, and as she lives on Kingston Row, which we feel is almost in the country, she has opportunities during weekends to enjoy her hobbies.

Next year Ruth plans to take a Science course at the University of Manitoba, and intends to specialize in Physics. Although Science is her favourite subject, Ruth is an exceptionally good all-round student; she helped to edit last year's "Eagle," and as senior Editor this year, has been extremely capable and responsible in filling that arduous position. Ruth has the knack of accomplishing a great deal with quiet efficiency; although her health is not robust, her buoyant spirit enables her to carry out with cheerful ease all that she undertakes. Machray House, especially, has appreciated her wise leadership during this year in which she has been Captain.

Like most girls, Ruth would love to travel and see more of the world, but beyond her University career her future is undecided. We feel that her mental gifts and fine personality fit her for a useful, interesting and happy life, and it is just that that we predict and hope for her.

Thank you, Ruth, for your cheerful and willing service. Our love and good wishes go with you!

S. LL. T.



SCHOOL COUNCIL, 1948-1949

BACK ROW—Joan Croll, Elizabeth Hickman, Jill Baker, June Kobar, Shannon Hall, Gay Newman, Joan Everett.

FRONT ROW—Jane Wallace, Rosemary Henderson, Ruth Swatland, Mary Lou Sime, Joanna Hollenberg. ABSENT—Gail Florance.

BOARDING SCHOOL COUNCIL

BACK ROW—Mary Lawes, June Kobar.

FRONT ROW—Gay Newman, Shannon Hall, Lillian Briercliffe.



House Notes

DALTON HOUSE

EXECUTIVE

| | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| <i>President</i> | Miss S. Turner |
| <i>Associates</i> | Miss E. Newton, Mrs. Peterson, Miss D. Gilhuly |
| <i>Captain</i> | Mary Lou Sime |
| <i>House Prefects</i> | Rosemary Henderson, Jane Wallace |

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Lieutenants</i> | Shelagh Joy, Ann Oriel |
| <i>Senior Sports Captain</i> | Rosemary Henderson |
| <i>Junior Sports Captain</i> | Pamela Garton |
| <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> | Shelagh Morrison |

This year a welcome was extended by the executive of Dalton House to Miss Gilhuly and a party was held for the new girls at the home of the House Captain, Mary Lou Sime, on September 24. After the party the members of the executive told the new girls of the part played by the house in school life, and a little of the history of Dalton.

The next house activity was a masquerade party held on Friday, November 5, in the school common room. Each girl wore a costume representing a book title or a character from a book. Prizes for the best costumes were given to Judy Macdonald, Ann Carroll, and Lillian Briercliffe.

At the end of the Christmas Term the house standings were announced and Dalton was successful in coming second in conduct and first in work; these totals enabled Dalton to win first place among the houses.

In the Easter Term Dalton came second in the inter-house basketball with a score of three games out of four won, and this combined with a first both in conduct and work enabled Dalton to come first at Easter also.

The House members on the school basketball teams are Rosemary Henderson, Jane Wallace, Pamela Garton, Shelagh Morrison, Connie Voth, Joey Adamson, and Barbara Risk.

This year we congratulate Rosemary Henderson, a prefect in the House, on winning the Western Canadian Junior Figure Skating Championship and the Winnipeg Winter Club Senior Figure Skating Championship. Connie Voth also did very well in the Musical Festival by winning the Brahms piano class with 90

marks, the piano and violin duet, and placing second in the Beethoven class with 89 marks.

The Mission Tea will be held at the end of May, and as usual, the blue and silver colors of Dalton House will decorate the House table.

SHELAGH MORRISON, *Secretary*.



MACHRAY HOUSE

EXECUTIVE

| | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| <i>President</i> | Miss Eldred |
| <i>Associates</i> | Miss Peirson, Miss McMillan, Miss Fowler, Mrs. Nixon |
| <i>Captain</i> | Ruth Swatland |
| <i>Prefects</i> | Gay Newman, June Kobar |
| <i>Junior Lieutenants</i> | Sally Dangerfield, Phyllis Erwin |
| <i>Senior Sports Captain</i> | Joan Everett |
| <i>Junior Sports Captain</i> | Cathy Young |
| <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> | Pat Taylor |

The first main event in the Christmas Term for Machray House after the electing of the House Executive, was the Hallowe'en Party held jointly with Jones House. Every girl from Grade III to XII was costumed, and these multi-colored costumes ranged from those of a true tramp to those of a true kitchen maid; this last costume had rolling pins, cooky tins, spoons, and even a tray attached to it. With ugly, fantastic faces peering from the walls, everyone marched around the gym while the judges chose the best costumes, and then prizes were given to the winners. Before eating supper, the girls played games; then, in due time, the party broke up and everyone went home with a bag of candy (if by luck it had not been eaten).

In the Easter Term Machray's basketball team came first in matches with the other houses, but more of that in the sports' section. Besides this, more fun was provided by the party held in February at Joan Everett's home. We first played a few games in the school gym before going to Joan's where we all enjoyed games, music and some dancing, while eating hot dogs, doughnuts and cokes.

Next term will see more inter-house sports, but the main undertaking will be the Mission Tea to which we are all looking forward with keen anticipation.

PATSY TAYLOR, *Secretary*.

MATHESON HOUSE

EXECUTIVE

| | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| <i>President</i> | Miss Sharman |
| <i>Associates</i> | Miss Speers, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Holland |
| <i>Captain</i> | Gail Florance |
| <i>Prefects</i> | Joan Croll, Shannon Hall |
| <i>Lieutenants</i> | Pat Copley (Sr.), Johanne Wintemute (Jr.) |
| <i>Senior Sports Captain</i> | Joan Croll |
| <i>Junior Sports Captain</i> | Judy Patton |
| <i>Secretary</i> | Dorothy Bailey |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | Mitzi O'Neil |

Matheson House, 1948-49, started off their year with a Marshmallow Toast on the river bank behind the Parliament Buildings. Here we welcomed the new girls, and Joan Croll directed the games which everyone enjoyed.

February 9, on a sunny, crisp winter afternoon, we all crammed into a sleigh and went off singing on our Tally-Ho, which was loads of fun — especially for Miss Sharman and Mrs. Wright. We had weiners, cokes, cake, and candy on returning to Mrs. Wintemute's—(thank you again, Mrs. Wintemute)—and Judy Patton found games suitable for a rather full company.

The rest of the winter term passed quietly except for numerous meetings where Gail repeated, "Come on, we can do it," and Joan discussed House Sports.

We have played our basketball and will continue to work hard this summer term in our badminton, tennis, and volleyball.

The Mission Tea is to be held on June 4 and Matheson again looks forward to a successful afternoon. Also, this summer term the annual picnic is coming up and we hope it will be as much fun as usual.

The most wonderful accomplishment of this year is the high level of our House conduct. Everyone has tried hard and we should well be proud of our results.

The year was saddened for us by the death of Liz Patton, Matheson House Captain, 1946-1947, a wonderful person and a kind friend. We are grateful to her for the happiness she gave us while at school. In remembrance of Liz, who was a keen history student, the House gave Professor A. W. Lower's "From Colony to Nation" to the School Library.

We were sorry to see Mrs. Holland leave the school. We miss her friendly presence and helpfulness.

Matheson is reaching the end of another successful school year, thanks to our staff, Gail, the executive, and all members of our House

who have so energetically and enthusiastically entered into the various activities. It is the co-operation of everyone which gives us the fun we have had, and which will, we hope, bring to our House, in the near future, that fine silver shield. The best of luck to all the members of Matheson, always!

JONES HOUSE

EXECUTIVE*

| | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| <i>President</i> | Miss B. McLean |
| <i>Associates</i> | Miss G. Smith, Miss N. Lucas, Mrs. Dennis |
| <i>Captain</i> | Joanna Hollenberg |
| <i>Prefects</i> | Jill Baker, Elizabeth Hickman |
| <i>Senior Sports Captain</i> | Marlene Musgrove |
| <i>Junior Sports Captain</i> | Diana Nanton |
| <i>Senior Lieutenant</i> | Nancy Smith |
| <i>Junior Lieutenant</i> | Katharine Wood |
| <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> | Doris Perry |

Although Jones House has not done so well in obtaining high marks this year, everyone has tried hard, and had a lot of fun besides.

In the first term we enjoyed a Hallowe'en Party jointly with Machray House. Everyone dressed in fancy costume, and a contest was held for the best and most original costumes. Jocelyn Carey, who came as a kitchen (she even had ice trays for shoes), took the prize very deservedly for originality. After the contest games were played, refreshments enjoyed, and everyone had a thoroughly good time.

A different feature, "The Jones House Olympics," was also held in the fall term. Events such as races of all types, high jump, and broad jump took place, and the competition was very keen. Ribbons were given to the winners of the different classes; the final champions, the girls who had won the most ribbons, were chosen. Mary Jane McElhoes, senior champion, and Michael Easton, junior champion, were presented with prizes at House meetings later.

Sports is a keen interest with most members; the House basketball games were very spirited, if not quite successful on the part of Jones House. When the gymnastic competitions were held we were proud to note that many girls from Jones House took part and did very well; we especially applaud Arlene McEwing, who won the junior cup.

Next term Jones House hopes to have more fun in the way of picnics, sports and all the activities which warm weather allows. Jones House members always have fun together, as there is a warm spirit among us; even if we are at the bottom of the marks list, we cannot feel that we have failed because we have learned the joy of pulling together.



SPORTS NOTES

INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL

Due to the late delay in setting up the schedule it was only possible for each team to play one game against the opposing schools, Riverbend and St. Mary's. It turned out that Rupert's Land won six out of eight games to capture the series, with St. Mary's second, and Riverbend third.

All games were extremely well played and several compliments have been paid concerning the speed and versatility of our players.

This year we had a new system: the school, not playing that particular game played hostess to the other two schools and provided girls who refereed the game. This was very profitable for it gave them responsibility and developed quick thinking.



JOAN EVERETT
Sports' Captain.

Rupert's Land I vs. Riverbend I, 24-16, won.
 Rupert's Land II vs. Riverbend II, 23-7, won.
 Rupert's Land Junior vs. Riverbend Junior, 51-3, won.
 Rupert's Land Intermediate vs. Riverbend Intermediate, 20-11, won.
 Rupert's Land I vs. St. Mary's I, 24-12, lost.
 Rupert's Land II vs. St. Mary's II, 34-16, lost.
 Rupert's Land Junior vs. St. Mary's Junior, 23-4, won.
 Rupert's Land Intermediate vs. St. Mary's Intermediate, 24-12, won.

ALUMNAE BASKETBALL GAME

What a battle! It was a fight from beginning to end. The basketball series began February 18th when the present girls played the Alumnae at the school, with the Alumnae winning both games, for the first time in several years. Both teams had fast plays, but the shooting of Shelagh McKnight was outstanding! Humor was added by both teams, once when Jennifer McQueen shot into Rupert's Land's basket scoring two points, and again when Jennifer's pass was deflected by Rosemary Henderson, who swung at the ball, knocking it into the basket for two points.

The scores were, 28-27, Alumnae I; 21-11, Alumnae II.

INTER-GRADE BASKETBALL

The Inter-grade basketball this year was played from Grades 7-12 with most grades having exceptionally good teams. The final game was between Grade X and Grade XI with Grade XI being victorious with a score of 41 to 30. This game, although played in a com-



petitive spirit, was also very good-natured. Grade XI did keep a lead throughout the game, but it still proved to be one of the most exciting games of the series.



INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL

For the first time in Rupert's Land's history, one House won all its games, this House being



Machray. Though Machray won the series, Dalton House garnered the highest total of points, so finished second; Matheson House third, Jones House fourth.

Each House produced an exceptionally good team, as the calibre of basketball in the school has been raised considerably. Every player put everything she had into the games and helped her House immensely.

The points are as follows: Machray, 20; Dalton, 18; Matheson, 16; Jones, 14.





FIRST TEAM

Pamela Garton, Joan Everett, Jane Wallace, Rosemary Henderson, Joan Croll, June Kobar, Sally Dangerfield.

SECOND TEAM

BACK ROW—Rosemary O'Neail, Patsy Taylor, Shelagh Morrison, Shannon Hall.
FRONT ROW—Marlene Musgrove, Pat Copley, Joanna Hollenberg.





INTERMEDIATE TEAM

Joey Adamson, Ina Huehn, Katharine Wood, Joan Everett, Jocelyn Carey, Cathy Young,
Mary Lane Ward.
Absent: Mary Jane MacElhoes.

JUNIOR TEAM

BACK ROW—Connie Voth, Barbara Risk, Lois Macdonald, Jenepher Gemmill, Phyllis Erwin.
MIDDLE ROW—Judy Patton, Wendy Smith, Donna Smith, Diana Nanton.
FRONT ROW—Susan Snell, Johanne Wintemute, Lorna Craig, Theresa Thain.



Teams

FIRST TEAM

Rosemary Henderson — Forward. Excellent player. Good example. Dead shot. Don't barge!

Jane Wallace — Forward. Good shot. Steady and reliable. Good team spirit.

Pam Garton — Forward. Was injured but fine for games. Nice shot. Get into spaces and put more fight into it.

Joan Croll—Guard. Fast player, strong guard. Be careful of passes.

June Kobar—Guard. Improved tremendously. Don't get flustered. Hold ball properly. Intercepting is good.

Sally Dangerfield—Guard. Always ready and reliable. Works very hard. Vary your passes.

Joan Everett—Forward. Good shot and excellent team spirit. Team Captain and is also an excellent guard.

SECOND TEAM

Marlene Musgrove—Guard; Captain. Fast and always ready. Good team spirit; worked hard. Careful of barging.

Rosemary O'Neail—Guard. Good player when tries to be. Move around more and vary passes.

Pat Copley—Guard. Steady and reliable. Nice team spirit. Remember to jump and watch that ball, Pat!

Patsy Taylor—Forward. Good shot, but be sure to aim. Get into space; more team work needed.

Shelagh Morrison—Forward. Nice long shots; get into spaces; vary passes; go and get rebounds.

Joanna Hollenberg—Forward. Very nice shooting; get into spaces. Good team spirit.

Shannon Hall—Forward. Shoots well. Improved tremendously since last year. Move and shoot more quickly.

Gay Newman—Forward. Nice shooting. Don't put your back to goal; shoot more quickly and vary passes.

INTERMEDIATE TEAM

Joey Adamson—Captain; Guard. Wonderful team spirit! Good accurate player. Moves quickly. Vary passes.

Katharine Wood—Guard. Fast and accurate passes. Vary passes; don't give up; put more team spirit into the game.

Ina Huehn—Guard. New player; very good. Move more quickly and vary passes.

Cathy Young—Forward. Very good player; nice team spirit; good shot and never gives up. Don't get into bad positions.

Mary Jane MacElhoes—Forward. Good shot; cut the spin on the ball. Could improve footwork and passing.

Mary Lane Ward—Forward. Is interchangeable; good guard; watch shooting. Don't lose that team spirit you had!

Jocelyn Carey—Forward. Good jumper. Will improve with practice. Stay back; watch your shooting carefully.

JUNIOR TEAM

Judith Patton—Captain; Forward. Exceptionally good player. Nice team spirit. Obey the "ref." Play with your team.

Donna Smith—Forward. Shoot more; don't get rattled; you will improve with experience.

Lorna Craig—Forward. Nice team spirit. Keep practising and those shots will go in! Jump for rebounds!

Susan Snell—Forward. Determined to improve and you will. Nice team spirit. Shoot more and get rebounds.

Diana Nanton — Forward. Get into spaces. Needs to improve footwork and shooting. Don't wait for me, Diana — I won't be there!

Johanne Wintemute — Forward. Good shot; worked very hard. Vary passes and jump!

Will improve with practice. Don't get rattled.

Teresa Thain — Guard, Nice player. Moves quickly and gets into spaces. Vary passing tactics.

Wendy Smith—Forward. Nice player. Works hard and is careful. Will be good player.

Connie Voth—Guard. Strong and reliable player. Intercepts very well. Move around more. Silent but conspicuous. Nice game.

Barbara Risk—Guard. Nice player; give direct passes; good team spirit. Good game.

Phyllis Erwin—Guard. Hold that ball properly; get into the game. Get into spaces and follow ball all the time.

Lois MacDonald—Guard. Has improved tremendously. Nice player. Holds ball properly. Get into spaces.

Jenepher Gemmill—Guard. Improving; gives nice passes and holds ball well. Steady down a bit. Game will improve.

"And when the Great Scorer comes,
To write against your name,
He writes not if you won or lost,
But how you played the game."

INTER-CLASS VOLLEY BALL

Although practices were few, the Inter-Class Volley Ball series proved to be a very helpful series, as it acted as a preparation for the Inter-House Volley Ball games which will take place next term.

One of the few exciting games was between Grades VIII and IX. As the score implies, 28-26, it was a very close and hard-fought game.

The winning team of the Inter-Class series, Grade XI, has been challenged to a match by Riverbend Girls' School; we have accepted and it will be played at Riverbend in the final school term.

PHYSICAL TRAINING AND GYM COMPETITION

This year the P.T. and gym competitions were held on Friday, April 8th, being witnessed by the entire school. The judges were Miss B. Dunsmore and Mrs. B. Robinson.

As Mr. Thorsen stood back watching his pupils display their well-drilled talent, he grinned with pride. (?)? The surprise to him was the changed version of the marching presented by Grade XI, especially when he commanded, "Single file" and the Grade XI's marched out in couples!

But, seriously, this competition proved to be very interesting and quite unusual, and we want to thank Mr. Thorsen for his patience and the valuable time he spent in teaching us.

The results were: 1st, Grade XI; 2nd, Grades V and VI; 3rd, Grade VIII.

The results of the gym competition were: Senior, Rosemary Henderson; Intermediate, Cathy Young; Junior, Arlene McEwing; Midget, Beverley Haig.

SUMMER TERM SPORTS

The final term sports will consist of Inter-House Volley Ball, Badminton, Deck Tennis and Tennis. Also the annual tennis tournament will take place at the very end of the term. All these games will prove to be very interesting.

We would like to thank the girls who participated in all school sports. We hope you enjoyed learning as much as we enjoyed teaching you. Your enthusiasm has enabled us all to have fun in both practices and matches, as well as to learn good sportsmanship, which certainly is essential. Please remember: "Together the qualities of the body, which make a successful athlete, are also the foundation of a happy and successful people."

Best of luck to you all in future sports.

JOAN EVERETT,

Sports Captain

ROSEMARY HENDERSON,

Ass't Sports Captain



MR. THORSEN IS TRYING
TOGETHER IN POSITION!



HE'S STILL TRYING!



SUCCESS!!! (?)

Initiation

On the evening of September 25, Station Initiation broadcast the first television program of Truth or Consequences, sponsored by Can Camp's Beans. Rupert's Land was very pleased to play hostess to this national network debut, and was even more honored to have its new initiates as guest stars on the program.

Because they were special guests, the initiates dressed for the occasion. Lillian Dixon, true to the form of Topsy, was spectacular with her countless braids and blackened face, which was later transformed by flour and water. Shirley Bradley, in true tradition of all conscientious scrub women, kept the floor sparkling in spite of the many catastrophes which befell it during the evening, and went down in Rupert's Land annals as "Miss Rupert's Land, 1948-49."

All initiates failing to answer the "factual" question asked, in due course accepted such fates as: walking through a pan of worms, performing early morning exercises while in a box, pushing a peanut around the gym with the nose, and blowing into a dish of soap bubbles. This last consequence backfired as two of the program helpers got soapier than the two contestants.

Three guest artists made their television debut: a blond prima donna complete with buttons and bows, Professor T.W.I.R.P., and Mr. Thorsen with his daughter Astrid. Our gay prima donna flaunted her lacy skirts in true chorus girl fashion to the tune of "Buttons and Bows." The Professor T.W.I.R.P. gave a picturesque description of her new staff acquaintance in a lengthy poem set to music. One of the outstanding features of the show was the spectacular acrobatic performances of Mr. Thorsen and his young daughter Astrid.

After the completion of the program, contestants and guests were served refreshments.

THEATRICAL COSTUMES AND MAKE-UP

During the Easter term, some of the girls from the higher grades of the school were most fortunate in being able to visit Mallabar's Costume Shop. One afternoon we went down there with Miss Turner who had arranged for the trip, and once there were were conducted through the shop and shown many different kinds of costumes belonging to different periods and countries. We saw the colourful, swirling skirts of Spanish girls, the stiff, rich brocades of Tudor courtiers and ladies, the frills and bustles of the Victorians, plumed hats, gold braided coats,

Indians' feathered head-dress, costumes for Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, swords and fans, muffs and riding-boots, animals' heads and grotesque masks,—in fact, every sort of costume and accessory imaginable.

Two of the members of Mr. Mallabar's staff explained and demonstrated these articles in a most interesting manner; we are most grateful to them for sparing time to make our visit so delightful and interesting.

Later on in the term, another group, under the direction of Miss Turner, invited Miss Kelly to come to the school one afternoon after four, to give a demonstration on how to apply theatrical make-up. We assembled in the Common-room and were served refreshments by some of the Grade XII girls, after which Miss Kelly talked to use about the various types and colours of grease paint, and told us how to apply them. She then chose Gail Florance as her subject, and made up Gail for the stage first as a young girl, then, with a few quick strokes of dark pencil and clever placing of shadows, she transformed her into an old woman.

We all thanked Miss Kelly for an extremely enjoyable lecture-demonstration. We hope that next season will provide more such interesting and instructive entertainment.

JENEPHER GEMMILL.

PERIOD PLAYS

In the Fall Term, Rupe produced two plays under the direction of Miss Turner. The first of the two presented was "The Pie and The Tart," in a mediaeval street setting, in which Joanna Hollenberg and Mary Lawes played the parts of a French baker and his wife who were outsmarted by two ragamuffins, played by Mary Jackson and Anne Oriel, in the theft of an eel pie and tart. The scrumptious looking pie and tart were Miss Gilhuly's work of art, while Joanna's and Mary's lavish hats were the results of Marjorie Currie's ingenuity.

The other play, "A Charm for the Devil," written in poetry, is one of Hans Sachs' very attractive satires. It concerned a woodcutter and his wife, the former played by Jill Baker and the latter by Shannon Hall. During her husband's absence she entertained a neighboring friar who was successfully blackmailed by a travelling scholar; Gail Florence was the clever, scheming scholar and Moira Morrison the simple-minded Friar. The evening on which these two plays were produced proved to be a most entertaining one.

SHANNON HALL.



Mrs. Dennis (at the piano).

FRONT ROW—Miss McMillan, Miss Sharman, Miss Speers, Miss Peirson, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Nixon.

BACK ROW—Miss Lucas, Miss Fowler.

THE STAFF

(Miss Foot contributed this before she left at Christmas. This accounts for the omission of Miss Fowler, Miss Ritchie and Mrs. Nixon.)

*Now here is a song of the staff,
I hope that you all get a laugh;
With each one in mind
I've tried to be kind,
I admit I've not more than half.*

*Miss Bartlett we must not forget,
With Timmy and Anna to pet,
If cats get the flu
She knows what to do
Much better than calling the vet.*

*Miss Sharman makes Science such fun,
You're sorry when lessons are done.
She has a soft spot
For Darwin and Watt,
And knows how this big world is run.*

*Miss Turner is never a bore,
Her English the seniors adore,
You can hear a pin drop
And your heart seems to stop
When with Shakespeare she's holding
the floor.*

*Miss McLean's our teacher of Francais,
Who teaches in French how to penser,
Her peace it disturbs
If you don't know your verbs,
And out of the class you s'élancer.*

*Miss Smith's in a bit of a fix,
Her large class includes V and VI,
But still she can tell
If you're not working well,
So you'd better not try any tricks.*

*If ever you're learning to sew,
Miss Newton is right in the know,
With needle and thread
In black, green, or red,
According to how fashions go.*

*Mr. Thorsen's in charge of P.T.
He's an athlete as you can all see,
Though it may be a tussle
He'll tone every muscle,
And make you as fit as a flea.*

*Miss Eldred takes grades III and IV,
Her children she seems to adore,
She's kindly yet firm
And makes juniors squirm
If their manners are not up to score.*

*If it's geography without tears,
Then I recommend Miss Speers,
With maps and the globe
Each country she'll probe,—
How easy the whole thing appears!*

*Miss Gilhuly is next on the list,
Sweet seventeen (never been kissed),
Her praise must be sung
For teaching the young
With patience and never the fist.*

*Mrs. Dennis can sing like a bird,
It is something that has to be heard;
If you're simply tone deaf,
She can make you sing "F",
And enunciate clearly each word.*

*Mrs. Peterson deals in Home Ec.,
She can furnish a home in a sec.,
And knows how to cook
Without aid from a book,
Your appetite never to wreck.*

*Mrs. Wright's job would just make us
swoon,
She teaches the babies till noon.
They skip and they play,
Then they all go away,—
To her that must be a boon.*

*Miss Lucas, at everyone's call,
Her office is right in the hall;
When the telephone rings
She appears as on wings,
And never seems ruffled at all.*

*Miss Peirson—a horrible fate,
She has to take charge of grade VIII!
She takes a great pride
In every school guide,
And bellows if ever you're late.*

*Miss MacMillan who lives in room four,
Helps all who come to her door;
When not at your needs
She sews or she reads,
Stray buttons she puts on galore.*

*If of walking you never do tire,
Miss Watson you're bound to admire;
Each morning her flock
She takes twice round the block,
No matter how much they perspire.*

*And now it is time that we put,
Our budding musician, Miss Foot;
She'll play you a tune
Of love and the moon,
Or classics, whichever will suit.*

Acknowledgements

Thanks are due to Dorothy Bailey for her endless efforts and work to obtain the photography results in this book, also to Wallingford Press, our printers, and to all those who kindly offered advertisements for "The Eagle."

Exchanges

Kelvin, Riverbend, Havergal, York House, Bishop Strachan, St. John's Tech., Ravenscourt, Isaac Newton, Gordon Bell, St. John's College.



Mrs. Wright (at the piano), Miss Newton, Miss Cunningham, Miss McLean, Miss Marson,
Miss Eldred, Miss Gilhuly, Miss Smith, Miss Ritchie, Miss Turner.

"MEANDERINGS"

*"Those far-away places, with the strange-sounding names,
Calling, calling me."*

My travelling began at the early age of eighteen months, when my parents went back to England from India, so I can scarcely claim to have heard the call then; but undoubtedly the seeds of "wanderlust" had been sown! For that call, once answered, is hard to resist—for it leads one on and on. Always there is the fascination of learning to know different peoples, countries, flowers and animals, and finding out what a name on a map proves to be in reality.

The traveller collects countries and places just as the philatelist does rare stamps, or the bibliophile first editions. In one respect he is more fortunate than other collectors, for he carries his collection with him all the time, in the shape of memories. Nothing can take those from him, and they are constantly being brought

to the surface of his mind by chance words, scents or sounds.

For me, for instance, the smell of a clove evokes a picture of Zanzibar, for miles out at sea the "spicy breezes" were wafted to us from the go-downs on the wharf piled high with cloves awaiting export. (Incidentally, the "coral strand" was a great disappointment, being a dirty, yellowish-gray, instead of the gleaming white or rosy-red I had pictured when singing the hymn.) In Zanzibar you will find small, tumbledown Arab houses with the most beautifully carved heavy wooden doors, often studded with huge iron spikes to keep off elephants. They must have been pillaged from the houses of wealthy slave-traders. A sight, common to that part of the world, which always amused me, was the custom for the man of the house in his long, white, nightshirt-like garment to be seated at a sewing-machine outside on the verandah or under the palms. There they were, all down the street, treading away for dear life. It was ludicrous.

The heavy scent of the creamy white petals of frangipani reminds me of the leis with which visitors to Honolulu are garlanded, and the Hawaiian songs and music which greet the ship upon arrival, and speed it on its departure. As you said out past Diamond Head, you drop your leis overboard, and hope they will drift back to land, ensuring your return to the Islands.

Orange blossoms recall warm, scented nights in Florida—gardenias, temple offerings in Bali, famed for its graceful child dancers—and hanging bells and dazing sweetness of kuei-wha, the Chinese good-luck flower, and the junks piled high with twigs and branches of it moored along the water front of Hong King for the three-day market preceding the Chinese New Year.

Not all the scented recollections are so romantic, however! Aden, that barren, treeless island in the Red Sea, will always be associated in my mind with the rank nauseating smell of camel (the local beast of burden), which lingers in the tunnels through the hills. One would not choose a camel for a pet: he is not a lovable beast.

Music, too, awakens many memories. A popular dance tune recently received, recalls a cruise to Norway and I see again those northern fjords with cliffs towering up so high that the sun can scarcely penetrate—the quaint carts drawn by cream-coloured ponies with dun manes which took us up to Brigsdal Glacier, and the unearthly blue of a cavern in the glacier ice.

Talking of music—that of the Orient is strange to western ears. At first hearing, Chinese and Japanese singing rather resembles the caterwauling of tomcats, but gradually the ear becomes attuned, and one finds much of interest in it and the accompanying instruments. Far more melodious, though exotic-sounding, are the gamelan orchestras of Javi and Bali: composed chiefly of percussive instruments; the Balinese has a more silvery tone, and its effect is, on the whole, soothing. The stringed music of Latin America, with its strongly-marked Spanish rhythm, can be both languorous and stimulating; while the African native music, with its short phrases repeated over and over again to the accompaniment of a drum, is capable of working its listeners up to a frenzy. The natives are a naturally musical people: one of the most incongruous sights I ever saw was in Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia—a complete military band composed of coal-black askaris

(native troops) clad in khaki shorts, squatting on their haunches in a circle, and playing "The British Grenadiers with verve and precision. The bandmaster had taught those raw natives to read music, and they played for all parades and Government functions, including balls at Government House.

So many crowding pictures in my memory book—the beautiful harbour at Rio de Janeiro, Mount Fujiyama, the Temple of Heaven in Peking, the Great Wall of China, and so on round the world. To these now can be added the flaming glory of the woods between Ottawa and Toronto in the autumn, not to mention snow scenes of Winnipeg in the winter.

DOROTHY FOWLER.

Senior Christmas Party

On Thursday evening, December 16, the seniors of Rupert's Land broke away from their annual Christmas party tradition by entertaining thirty girls, ranging in age from nine to twelve, from Alexandra School. They gathered together in the gym, which was gaily decorated in the Christmas spirit with a number of brightly lighted Christmas trees, at six p.m. Games were played until a delectable supper was served in the dining-room.

A treat was in store for everyone on returning to the gym. Santa Claus paid a personal visit and gave each girl from Alexandra School a charming gift. Before closing, the true meaning of Christmas was brought to mind by the singing of carols.

* * *

The Middle School and Juniors enjoyed Christmas parties in traditional manner.

The Carol Service

On Friday, December 18, the third annual Carol Service was held in the school gym, decorated for the occasion by seven Christmas trees, the lights on which illuminated the gym beautifully in the twilight of the afternoon.

Our special guest was Archbishop Sherman, who read the story, "The First Christmas Tree," enjoyed so much by everyone present. Many parents and friends of the school also attended the service.

Bible readings by Archbishop Sherman, Miss Bartlett, Ruth Swatland, Shannon Hall, and Gail Florance, were interspersed with carols delightfully sung by the choirs of the school.

Singing

Mrs. Dennis has raised the Rupert's Land choral singing to an even higher level this year than she did last.

At the beginning of November, at the St. John's Commemoration Service, held in St. John's Cathedral, volunteer singers from among the seniors sang in the choir. Again, at our annual Christmas Carol Service, choirs from all sections of the school sang and made the program very enjoyable.

The main success this year for the choirs, however, came from our two choirs entered in the Festival. The grade III to VI choir, entered into its class for Private Schools, sang "The Shadow March" and "The Ladybird," for each of which they received 85 marks. Then the grade VII to IX choir singing "The Keel Row" and "Come See Where Golden Hearted Spring" honored the school still further by receiving 92 and 90 marks respectively for these pieces. The adjudicator, Mr. Wiseman, praised both of these choirs very highly, and said that without a doubt both deserved their trophies.

Everyone would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Dennis for all the work she has done, and to wish her every success in her future choral work.

RUTH SWATLAND.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON OUR MUSICAL FESTIVAL

The Manitoba Musical Festival was founded by the Men's Musical Club of Winnipeg, and from a small festival with only a few participants it has grown to be very large and of national importance.

Many outstanding musicians such as Ross Pratt, concert pianist; Donna Grescoe, concert violinist; John Lemieux and Cornelia Gayowsky have at one time participated in our festival and won trophies.

Every year four judges have been selected to adjudicate the competitors in the festival, but this year, due to there being so many extra

entries, five have been chosen: Herbert Wiseman, Cornelius Fisher, Helen Henschel, J. Peebles Conn and Heath-Gracie.

In the festival there are piano and violin classes, choral classes, solo singing and orchestral playing. Almost all the solo classes start with the beginners and range up to the seniors. In the advanced class, for example, there are six groups which one may enter: there is the Beethoven sonata, Bach prelude and fugue, Brahms intermezzo, Chopin's preludes, sight reading and quick study. There is a concerto class in which only senior participants may enter. It is very interesting to listen to the concertos which are played on the piano; the teacher plays the orchestral part and the pupils play the solo.

This year I am participating in six advanced classes and a violin and piano duet class. The adjudicator, Cornelius Fisher, was here three years ago, and because people found his adjudications helpful, he was again invited to Winnipeg to held adjudicate another of our festivals.

The festival reveals great talent which might otherwise be undiscovered. It also encourages young musicians to practise more, and helps them to get used to appearing on the stage, which is valuable if they want to have a stage career. Talent was revealed a few years ago when Arthur Benjamin acclaimed Donna Grescoe a genius after she had played her violin concerto. This encouragement helped Miss Grescoe throughout her years of preparation for the concert stage, and if it had not been for Mr. Benjamin she might still be struggling to reach her goal.

In conclusion, I may say that our annual festival gives our musically inclined youth a deep appreciation of classical works by the great composers, and provides a motive for the hard work which their musical careers require. As in everything else, hard work in music is just as necessary as the intellectual gift of musicianship which is dormant in a great many students until, perhaps, our Musical Festival reveals it.

CONSTANCE VOTH,
(Grade IX).

(Editor's Note: Connie's own successes in the Musical Festival are recorded in the Dalton House notes.)

The Basketball Dance

The main event for the seniors in the Easter Term this year, the annual basketball game with the Alumnae, followed by a dance, was held on Friday evening, February 18.

The Alumnae-School game took place early in the evening and was most exciting this year, both games being a fight to the finish. The only casualty of the evening was Shelagh McKnight, who strained her foot. The playing was quite an eye-opener to the boys, and the words: "Girls' rules, I guess," were heard over and over again from the sidelines in surprised and sceptical tones. Dorothy Bailey was on hand with her camera and got several good shots of the game.

Immediately after the games streamers and multi-colored balloons were strung up through the gym before the dancing started. The Eaton's Junior Council Executive supplied the music with their bandbox, and all the latest records were played.

One of the outstanding events of the evening was the annihilation of the balloons. Havoc and destruction reigned supreme for several minutes with scarcely a balloon surviving the pinches and pin-pricks. The evening ended on a note of hilarity and fun.

RUTH SWATLAND.



Skating

Though no one has heard the immortal strains of the "Skaters' Waltz" on the Rupert's Land rink this winter (except perhaps in her imagination) the girls have had a wonderful time on it in the morning, at noon, and after school.

Of course, we realize that we are extremely lucky to have a champion in our midst, and each day as Rosemary dons her skates, the grade XI classroom windows fill with girls while others flock to the back of the school. (One often wonders what the usually unused desks beside the windows in grade XI think as four or five people crowd into one of them.) Everyone is starry-eyed as Rosemary, trying to answer everyone's requests, goes through her

routine axles, double sal-cows, and camels; and her ever-famous split-jump! We have other skaters, too, many of whom performed in both the big carnivals; we also have people who skate simply for the fun of it, leaving figures and all tremendous jumps to the more experienced ones.

I have watched this rink from the beginning of its existence (from the mere boards on the side to the most recent flooding), and today I look out of the window and behold a sad sight—just an immense puddle as a reminder that spring is coming and skating is over for another year.

JANE WALLACE.



RUTH SWATLAND—2nd Prize



KATHERINE WOOD—3rd Prize



PHYLLIS ERWIN—1st Prize

Photography Competition

Scenery:

- (1) Phyllis Erwin
- (2) Ruth Swatland
- (3) Katharine Wood

Human Life:

- (1) Gay Newman

Animal:

- (1) Gay Newman
- (2) Phyllis Erwin



GAY NEWMAN—1st Prize



GAY NEWMAN—1st Prize



PHYLLIS ERWIN—2nd Prize



1. Sitting pretty.
2. Culture vultures.
3. Music Depreciation Club.
4. Packedonice.
5. No hard shoes on tennis court.

6. Anna.
7. Comfortable.
8. Sweet dreams, Susie?
9. They died with their boots on.
10. Temptation.
11. T.N.T.

12. Do you always walk like that?
13. Fashions of 1811.
14. Guess who?
15. Down among the sheltering pines.
16. R.L.S. (shoplifters).

17. May I have this dance?
18. Unusual.
19. Who's wo.
20. Leaping Lena.
21. What's your trouble?
22. In'itiation.
23. Drop dead.
24. Muscles (/)

The Mother and Daughter Banquet

On Saturday, November 27, the girls of Grades X, XI and XII, and their mothers (or mothers for the evening), met at Moore's restaurant, at 7 p.m., for the School's second Mother and Daughter Banquet.

We had a wonderful turkey dinner, and then a toast to the Mothers was proposed by Jill Baker. I know that Jill's words came straight from her heart and from the hearts of all the girls. Mrs. Florance replied graciously to the toast, on behalf of the mothers. After dinner Miss Foot played the piano, including one of her own compositions, "By the Sea," and Miss McLean sang for us, both artists being much appreciated.

The main speech of the evening was made by Mrs. Ralph Carey, who spoke of days at the school during and after the First Great War. The routine of the school was then much the same as now. Diversions included bazaars in aid of the Zenana and Hay River Missions, class parties, tobogganing and skating on the river at the foot of Kennedy street, and picnics on the crocus-carpeted prairie at Sturgeon Creek, in early spring.

Although hampered by many articles of underwear, voluminous bloomers, pleated skirts, middy blouses and high boots, the girls took part in gym and games, and on one occasion defeated the St. John's School boys at hockey!

No one who was at Rupert's Land in those years can hear the school hymn without remembering friends and fun, and particularly prayers, gym displays and prize-givings, dominated by the impressive though often untidy figure of Miss Jones.

Thus, in brief, did Mrs. Carey recapture the spirit of those earlier days of the school, so distant to the girls, so readily recalled by older members of the party. This interesting talk was followed by the singing of the school song, "Alta Petens," after which Ruth Swatland thanked all those who had planned the dinner and the entertainment. Finally we all took

part in a musical competition, arranged by Miss Foot, which was won by Mrs. Shaw and Nona, with Mrs. Simonds and Ruth placing second.

I know that everyone had a wonderful evening, and will remember it for a long time. We hope that the girls coming into the senior school will continue to have Mother and Daughter Banquets, and will enjoy them as much as we have enjoyed the ones that we have had these last two years.

JANE WALLACE.

Hallowe'en Dance

"Hey Doris, have you heard?"

"Yes, should be fun, don't you think?"

It was no mystery to the third floor occupants of Rupe as to what Doris had heard, for the Rupe boarders from grade IX up had decided to have a Hallowe'en Dance and invite some boys from St. John's. St. John's accepted and the dance took place on Oct. 30, at 8:30. When the boys arrived they ducked into our senior cloakroom to remove their coats and then trudged up to the gym. The decorating committee had had a field day, for the ceiling of the gym was smothered in balloons while hideous paper faces leered from the sides. Each was handed a small paper pumpkin with a girl's name written on it and had to find that girl and dance with her, to start the evening. Our new radio and phonograph provided the music, while various prizes were given for spot and elimination dances.

At 11:30 everyone went to the drawing room for lunch; other than the fact that no one could find a bottle-opener for the forty or so cokes, everything went quite smoothly until the end.

When the last boy went out the door a bright light remembered that the ice-cream still sat in the refrigerator, but it was too late! However, in spite of the absence of ice-cream the impression left indicated that everyone had had lots of fun.

SHANNON HALL.

Girl Guides

The Ninth Company Girl Guides began the year 1948-1949 with Miss Peirson as captain and a membership of twenty Guides.

The Silver Tea held at the end of October at the home of Patsy Taylor proved to be very successful as we raised over \$20.00.

At Christmas each girl brought some food, and we were able to pack a large parcel to send to England. Teresa Thain gave us the name and address of the Guide Company she belonged to in England, so we sent the parcel to them.

Miss Peirson was not able to carry on the Company in January, so Miss Peggy Holden took over, but it did not work out as the meetings had to be held on Wednesdays. At the beginning of March, Miss Peirson took over the Company again and it is beginning to build up.

We are looking forward to our annual spring inspection and our annual cookie sale which will be coming up next term. Also several of the girls are looking forward to going to the new Guide Camp at Caddy Lake.

The Company has had many difficulties this year but we have seemed to struggle through them. On behalf of the Company I would like to thank Miss Peirson for all she has done to keep the Company going this year.

PAT TAYLOR.

Brownie Interests

At three-thirty every Monday afternoon the common room is turned into "Brownie Land," and fairies and little people busy themselves creating their own little corners where only Brownie thoughts and deeds are done. We begin our meetings around the toadstool with the "Pot of Gold" ceremony and then go to our corners to learn new things and practise for the Brownie Tests. Later we play games and end with a story or a play. We have had special meetings with concerts, marketing and a "Star Day." On Valentine's Day, Mrs. Malaher, Area Commissioner for Winnipeg, came to enrol Patsy Hobbs, Sheila Mitchell, Carolyn Moore, Sally Slade and Nona Vinnell, and we had a

lovely party afterwards. In Guide-Scout week we had great fun at the special Eaton's Good Deed Radio Show for Cubs and Brownies, and the next day our two sixers, Mary Ann Overton and Norma Dell Cameron, represented the pack at the Re-dedication Service in the Civic Auditorium. After the Easter holidays we are planning to make utility bags to send to little children over in Europe.

*"We're quite aware we're rather small,
But then we mean to grow,
And though we haven't any wings,
We know a heap of jolly things
That fairy people know."*

BROWN OWL.

The Junior Red Cross

This year there have been six commendable efforts by grades of the school to raise money for the Junior Red Cross.

In March a film showing views and traits of several Canadian cities was shown by the Grade Twelve students, and enjoyed by many of the girls.

A very novel and interesting exhibit of Eskimo life, with the special attraction of a stuffed white seal, was presented by Grades One and Two. By their efforts, three dollars and twenty-five cents was raised!

The Grade Seven members raised seven dollars by their fish-pond, in which members of the Junior school fished for very attractive little gifts.

A candy sale appealed to many, and the Grade Eight girls were able to raise four dollars very rapidly, as their products quickly vanished when the sale opened.

One of the most successful efforts this year was a candied apple sale by the Grade Nines. The sticks, candy and apples were donated by parents, and, as a result, a profit of eighteen dollars was made.

One day in the summer term the girls of Grades Three to Six, decorated with caps and aprons, and carrying candy trays, sold wonderful sweets—enough to make twenty-one dollars and seventy-three cents—the largest amount collected during the year.

R. H.



THE KINDERGARTEN

FRONT ROW, left to right—Peter Boyd, June Spink, Cita Roblin, Elizabeth Alexander, Gayle Livingstone, Dianne Chenoweth, Janice Pinfold.

SECOND ROW—Russell Cassidy, Susan Silverman, Merryl Linford, Marcia Diamond, Merryl-Lee Wood, Ronald Markovits.

THIRD ROW—John Pullen, Darlene Hazell, Bobbie Pike, Mary Ellen Johnstone, Billy Benham, Beverly Sigurdsen.

ABSENTEES—Peggy Burch, Don Rogers, Judy Todd, Carol Ann Barber, Linda Taily, Brian Wood, Richard Farrally.

GRADES I AND II

FRONT ROW—Myrna Vinnell, Elizabeth Robinson, Lynn Funnell, Sydney Burrell, Lois Vinnell.

BACK ROW—Stuart Wilson, Faith Wilson, Gabrielle Wredde, Joyce Wallace, Elaine Papinau, Bryan Hayes.

ABSENT—Susan Alexander, Gail Cantor, Gail Allman, Ann Connacher, Mark Surgeoner.





GRADES III AND IV

BACK ROW—Carolyn Moore, Mary Ann Overton, Judy Macdonald, Nona Vinnell, Rosemary Lynde.

MIDDLE ROW—Patsy Hobbs, Beverley Haigh, Linda Paddon, Sheila Mitchell, Sally Slade, Alyson Thomas.

FRONT ROW—Roberta Sheps, Wendy Playford, Michaela Easton, Judy Bonnycastle, Lynne Cousins.

ABSENT—Carol Cross.

OVERHEARD IN GRADES I AND II

Mark—(as the fifteen-gun salute was fired in honor of Newfoundland's Confederation): "Oh my goodneth, the Pwintheth mutht have had another little pwinthe."

* * *

Stuart—(when Mrs. Nixon rang the classroom buzzer during exams.): "Boy-oh-boy, is someone going to catch it for playing with that buzzer."

* * *

Miss G.—"What did you make while I was away yesterday, Susan?"

Susan—"Oh! We made an awful noise."

* * *

Gail—"Why don't you laugh when the big girls tease you, Susan?"

Susan—"I never laugh unless something is really funny."

Miss G.—"Try very hard to say 'j,' Mark, like this: 'j!' 'j!'"

Mark—"dth?"

Miss G.—"I don't understand why you can't say it. See how I use my tongue and teeth."

Mark—"That's what's wrong, I think. You see, my teeth don't stick out like yours do."

* * *

Ann—"You 'kids' had better be good or Miss Gilhuly will put you on the bench and then Miss Bartlett will get you."

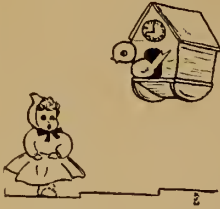
* * *

Mrs. Nixon—"Why are you out on the bench so often, Bryan?"

Bryan—(with a broad smile): "Oh, it's because I'm the baddest boy in the whole class."

* * *

Cita—(to Peter): "You just pay attention to what I'm showing you, Peter, and never mind what Miss Gilhuly is doing."



A CLOCK

A clock is like a little house,
With a cuckoo living in it,
The noise it makes is like a mouse,
But it tells the exact minute.

JUDY BONNYCASTLE,
Grade III.

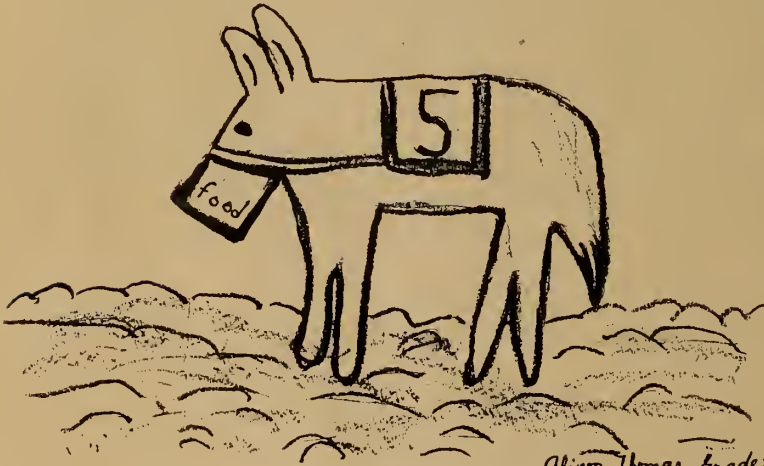


A SQUIRREL

Came down to get a nut.
A squirrel with a fluffy tail,
He found one by a little pail,
So took it to his hut.

ROBERTA SHEPS,
Grade III.

THIRD PRIZE JUNIOR ART COMPETITION



Alison Thomas Grade 3

SECOND PRIZE JUNIOR ART COMPETITION.



CAROLYN MOORE

FIRST PRIZE JUNIOR ART COMPETITION.



Norma Oeltmann
Grade V

Length 8 1/2
Width 7 1/2



GRADES V AND VI

BACK ROW—Barbara Fowler, Pitsy Perrin, Joan Anderson, Sally Dagg, Marina Dick, Jill Kilgour, Gladys Ward, Norma-Dell Cameron.

MIDDLE ROW—Dorothy Richardson, Wendy Macleod, Sylvia Pierce, Arlene McEwing, Honor Bonnycastle, Elaine Protheroe, Jane Savage.

FRONT ROW—Elaine Castle, Carolyn McCulloch, Carol Nixon, Roberta Matthews, Martha Travers, Eirene Landon.

ABSENT—Susanne Finklestein.



A CAT

*A cat went prowling round the house,
To see what he could find;
He found a little chubby mouse,
And to it was not kind.*

CAROLYN MOORE,
Grade III.



A ROBIN

*A robin was singing in a tree,
"Cheer up, cheer up," sang he.
"Spring has come to all,
So listen to my call."*

MARY ANN OVERTON,
Grade III.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS

I am a member of the Junior Humane Society. Our motto is: "Be kind to animals."

We can be kind to animals by protecting them from all harm. When we see something is wrong with them we should 'phone the Humane Society. They will do what they can to give help.

Birds also need protection. In the winter it is difficult for them to find food. We can put bread crumbs and meat bones outside for them. We should try and stop hunters from shooting them and boys from throwing stones at them. In the spring and summer we must not let people disturb their nests.

MICHAEL EASTON,
Grade IV.

TOM'S REPORT CARD

It was a bright, sunny day, and the out-of-doors looked very inviting. It did not to Tom, because the teacher had given out the report cards. Tom had a very bad report. He knew his father would be very cross and he was in for a good long lecture. Just then the teacher said those words so dreadful sounding to Tom, "Class dismissed."

All the class raced away, all except Tom. He asked the teacher if there was anything he could do for her.

"Oh no, thank you. The monitors have done everything," was the answer.

Tom went slowly out of the door. He took the long way home just to waste time. He saw some boys playing baseball.

"May I play baseball with you?" asked Tom.

"No," was the answer. Tom walked slowly on.

When he reached home he saw his sister Judith and he asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the store for mother," was the reply.

"I'll go instead. Please let me," pleaded Tom.

"O. K. Now I can go and see Pat's new doll."

"Now I won't have to show dad my report for a while," thought Tom.

When he reached home he gave his mother the groceries and asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No thank you, Judith helped me when she came home. By the way, father wants to see your report. Judith had a good one. I hope you have."

Tom went slowly to his father's study. "Here is my report, dad," Tom said gloomily.

"Hum, let me see it. Well, this IS a surprise. Spelling, A; arithmetic, A; reading, A; health, A; social studies, A; English, A. This is the best report you've ever had. Congratulations!"

Tom was amazed, "Are you sure that's my report?" he asked.

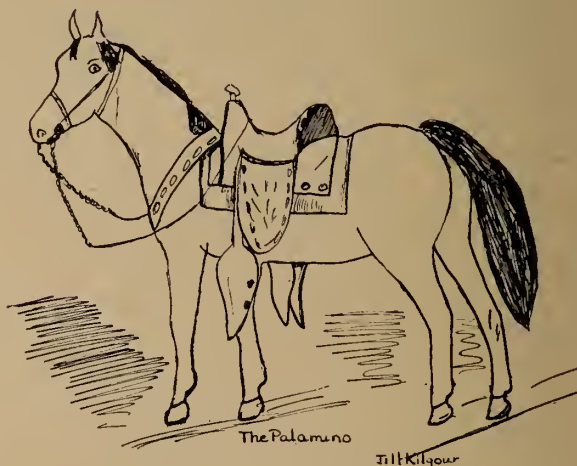
"Of course it is. Your name is right on the top."

That report started a very strange affair. When he got back to school everything went right and his marks were good. He was at the top of the class. The other boys didn't play with him any more.

Then the teacher realized what happened. There was a new boy in the class whose name was Tom Stewart. Tom's last name was Stewart. Their work got mixed up. So Tom's work went back to normal. The boys played with Tom again.

The new boy was not at all popular. He was blamed for all the trouble. Tom was pleased. Four people didn't like it though! Tom's father didn't like it because Tom wasn't as bright as he thought. The teacher didn't like it because she would have to help Tom and try to pass him into Grade Seven. Tom didn't like it because he would have to do homework again. The new boy didn't like it because the boys didn't like him.

EIRENE LANDON,
Grade VI.



I WANT TO BE A COWBOY

*I want to be a Cowboy
And ride my horse all day,
It's much more fun than going to school,
And better for me in a way.*

*But mostly it's just fun to be
Riding along the range all day,
With no one even telling me
What I should do or be or say.*

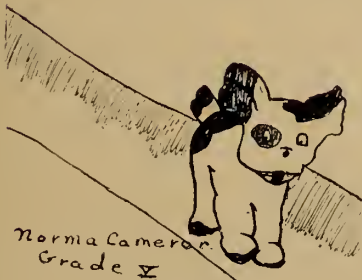
JILL KILGOUR,
Grade V.



GRADE VII

BACK ROW—Lorna Noyes, Janice Marks, Penny Clark, Judy Hanson, Ann Carroll.

FRONT ROW—Joan Davidson, Glen Murray, Pat Lambert, Shelagh Donegani, Georgina Bartlett.



MY PUPPY

I sent my little puppy to a grocery store,
I gave him a bone and went out the door,
He delivered the message safe and sound,
And came back home with a playful bound.

NORMA DELL CAMERON,
Grade V.

THE MALE PROTESTS

The funniest thing I think is when
Girls dress up to look like men.
Dad lets out an awful roar,
"Imagine me in a pinafore,
And high-heeled shoes that tap the floor,
With hats that thrill you to the core.
If that's the way I went around,
You wouldn't let me live it down!"

WENDY MACLEOD,
Grade VI.

GRADE SEVEN

*You come into the classroom
And look what you see,
Ten little girls,
As good as can be! ! ?*

*First we see Penny,
As good as pure gold,
Her drawing's superb,
Though she's not very old.*

*Second comes Joan,
At spelling she's best,
President, first term,
And Sports Captain next.*

*Thirdly, there's Pat,
As thin as they come.
When it comes to studying,
We're sure she does some.*

*Now is Georgina,
As "Cookie" she's known.
A town 'way up north
Called Herb Lake is her home.*

*Oh, now we see Ann,
Working away,
It's not very often
A rough game she'll play.*

*By the window there's Judy,
To laugh it's not hard,
At the jokes that she sells
By the inch or the yard.*

*And now we find Glen,
As usual she's working.
It's not very often
That you'll find her shirking.*

*There we see Shelagh,
Trying her best
To get good marks
On a hard health test.*

*At the back there's Janice,
Still dreaming away
Of her wonderful music,
And pieces so gay.*

*Finally there's Lorna,
Through maths she can't see,
But the dread of her life
Is that "awful P.T."*

*Miss Newton's our teacher,
As nice as can be;
She helps us with problems
That we cannot see.*

JOAN DAVIDSON and PAT LAMBERT,
Grade VII.

Newfoundland

On March 31, 1949, one of the dreams of the Fathers of Confederation and of Canadians since Confederation was completed. With the entrance of Newfoundland in to Confederation as Canada's tenth province, Canada has truly become a dominion that stretches from sea to sea.

In 1497 Newfoundland was discovered by Cabot and claimed for the British crown; it was not until forty years later, in 1534, that Jacques Cartier reached what is now Canada and claimed it for the French crown. Then, in 1763, the English, having overcome the French, added Canada to their colonies, and in 1867 Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick became confederated. Manitoba, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island entered into Confederation during the six years following, while Saskatchewan and Alberta became provinces in 1905. Now, forty-four years later, we welcome the oldest member of the British Commonwealth in the New World into our Dominion.

The people of Newfoundland, in becoming a part of Canada, have not lost, nor will they lose, any of their own distinctions. They retain their own name but at the same time gain the values of Canadian citizenship. As a part of Canada they, a comparatively young people, have joined with a young country; both may learn and benefit from the knowledge of and the progress made by each other.

We are proud to have a new province in Canada, and I believe that I speak for all Canadians when I say: "Welcome Newfoundland! Now we have the opportunity to really get to know you."

RUTH SWATLAND.

"LUCKY"

(Honorable Mention: Junior Short Story)

"Mom, oh Mom," Jimmy Weston dashed breathlessly into the kitchen. "Can I keep it, Mom?"

"Sakes alive, son, don't get excited. Can you keep what?"

"This." And Jimmy reached into his coat pocket and produced a tiny, black, wriggling puppy. His mother looked at him, aghast.

"Save your breath, Jim. You know that your father won't stand for another dog since Nipper got killed."

"Oh, but Mom," Jimmy put the puppy on the floor and watched it scramble over to Mrs. Weston and playfully roll around at her feet.

"Say, he's a cute dog, isn't he? What breed?"

"Well, Bob says he's part Labrador, part terrier and part police dog!"

"Did you get him from Bob?"

"Yep. Say, Mom, we could ask Dad, couldn't we?"

"You can ask him; leave me out of this, if you please. Now, get the poor thing some water."

Jimmy ran for the basement, with the puppy following unsteadily. Mrs. Weston began bustling around the kitchen preparing dinner. Frankly, she was worried. It was hard to tell what her husband would say to Jim's pleas.

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Weston came thumping in. He had a tired look on his face as he greeted his wife and went on into the living room to read his paper.

"Oh dear," thought Mrs. Weston. "He's had another hard day at the office. I hope Jim uses tact when he approaches him about the dog. Dinner," she called as she laid the roast on the table.

Jimmy took the basement stairs three at a time, after cautioning the dog to be quiet.

"Hi, Dad."

"Evening, son."

After this there was silence at the table except the odd request for sugar or butter. Mr. Weston made a remark about "the tough roast," and Jim chose that, of all times, to ask his question.

"Dad," he began, "I have a beautiful little pup down in the basement, and I can have it free. Bob gave it to me. It's a month and a half old, and it's part Labrador and part terrier and . . ."

"No," roared Mr. Weston, and he left the table. Ever since old Nip had been killed Mr. Weston had vowed never to go to the trouble of

raising another dog, only to have it killed by a careless truck driver.

"Oh, Jim," said Mrs. Weston reproachfully.

"Honest, Mom, I didn't mean to."

"I know," sighed his mother, as she began to clear the table.

Mr. Weston went for a long walk that night, while Jimmy took the puppy for a romp in the yard, and then down to bed for the first and last time.

At about eleven-thirty the lonely puppy started to whimper and Jimmy got up and went down to see him. He picked the tiny, black thing up and started upstairs. He stole up to the second floor, and as he sneaked past his father's room, Mr. Weston roared, "Jim!"

Jimmy jumped and cautiously answered, "Yes?"

"Let me see that dog. Say, he's pretty cute, isn't he?" For a moment Mr. Weston's tone changed completely. Then the old sternness came back. "Take him away now, and give him back to Bob in the morning."

Jimmy went back to his own room with the pup, and it snuggled down in the covers. When he quieted down Jimmy took him back to the basement.

Again at four o'clock the whining in the basement started, but this time Jimmy slept on. Mr. Weston, however, heard it, and after fifteen minutes he got up and, fumbling for his slippers, he went downstairs, and on down to the basement. We picked up the puppy and took it up to the living room where he laid it down on the stool while he sat down in the big easy chair and lit a cigarette. After a while the tiny, black, shiny creature went to sleep but Mr. Weston, who was dosing fitfully, did not bother to take him back to the basement.

Mr. Weston woke suddenly to find the pup scratching wildly at his slippers. He was about to kick him away when he felt something warm at his right arm. Looking down he saw a tiny flame licking up the side of the chair. It was then that he remembered his cigarette. Jumping up he ran to the kitchen for water, shouting for Jimmy as he passed the stairs. When Jim finally appeared in dressing gown and slippers he found his father drenching the gaily slipcovered chair with water.

"Why, what's up, Dad?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mr. Weston sarcastically. "The house could have burned down before you got up!"

Then Jimmy realized what had happened. He did not, however, know the puppy's part in it. Mrs. Weston came down just then and hustled them all off to bed, including the dog.

Breakfast that morning was a very silent meal. Mrs. Weston was worrying about the chair, and the big scorched spot on the rug. Jimmy was sad because he had to part with the dog, while Mr. Weston, realizing that he might have been injured, and his house burned down besides, was having a fight with his pride as to whether he should admit that the dog had saved them all, and say that Jimmy could keep the tiny hero. At last he decided. "Jim," he said, breaking the silence, "where's the dog?"

"Down in the basement, I guess," answered Jim sadly.

"Bring him up."

"Yes, sir."

The puppy came yelping into the dining room and hurled himself at Mr. Weston's feet.

"Hello, fella. How'd you find bed last night? Comfortable? How would you like to stay for a while?"

"Dad, oh dad, you're swell," cried Jim. "Did you hear what he said, old boy, did you hear what he said?"

The puppy squirmed gaily, as if he knew what the boy meant.

"Just a minute," ordered Mr. Weston firmly. "You can keep him on one condition."

"What," said Jim, his eyes shining.

"That you call him 'Lucky,' and Mr. Weston picked up his hat and headed sternly for the door.

JOAN DAVIDSON,
Grade VII.

JOKES

LOCKROOM CHATTER



ROSEMARY AND JOAN

Judy: "Jimmy, tell me, can you send animals by mail?"

Jimmy: "Of course not, silly."

Judy: "That's funny. This morning I got a letter with a seal on it!"

Betty: "Why are you changing those 30's on your report card to 90's?"

Tom: "My father told me to improve my marks."

* * *

John: "That piano piece I've just played was hard work."

Sally: "I wish it was impossible!"

THE 11'S and 12'S SOMERSAULT.

1---2---3---



4---

1---2---3---



Joan: "My, did you catch all those fish yourself?"

Edward: "No, I had a few worms to help me."

* * *

Joyce: "Help! My ruler has walked off!"

Gordon: "That's impossible—your ruler has only one foot."

* * *

Mother: "Oh, Billy! You have your shoes on the wrong feet."

Billy: "But, mother, I have no other feet!"

(Contributed by Sylvia Pierce).

OUR GRADE TEN

Pupil: "Where do all those hill-billys come from? It's somewhere in the mountains or hills, isn't it?"

Teacher: "Yorkton."



YORKTON HILLBILLYS.

Teacher: "What's the most important thing about the Nile River?"

Pupil: "Water!"

* * *

First Pupil: "When you come to the dance, are you going to come with us as a group?"

Second Pupil: "No, I don't think so. I want to see if I can handle him alone."

* * *

Pupil: "Miss McLean, 'éclair' is a French word, isn't it?"

Miss McLean: "Yes, it means lightning."

Pupil: "Then why do we call chocolate éclairs 'éclairs'?"

Miss McLean: "Maybe it's because they go down like lightning."

(Contributed by Moira Morrison).

* * *

From Grade X Geography Exams at Easter—believe it or not!

"Dams are hardy crops which grow close together. This stops the water as it runs, a little, and lets it soak in."

"In England the climate is suitable for coal, but iron ore does not thrive, therefore England must import it from France."

Grade XI, with knees trembling at the thought of a test previously set, relaxes to hear Miss Speers say, "Now, did anyone try Exercise 9, page 275?"

* * *

Shannon (looking desperately for her literature text before exams.): "Where's my 'Arms and the Man'? Oh, here!"

Miss McLean: "'Arms and the Man,'—what else could a girl wish for?"

* * *

How we'll miss that, "Steady, girls, keep steady," from Miss Bartlett during July and August!

* * *

(Selected from old numbers of "The Eagle")

Thelma: "Did you hear about Dianne? She drank sulphuric acid by mistake!"

Marline: "Did it kill her?"

Thelma: "No, but every time she blew her nose she made holes in her handkerchief."

* * *

Clerk: "Yes, this book will do half your work."

R.L.S. Student: "Say, I'll take two."

* * *

Visitor: "Well, dear, have you lived here all your life?"

Little Girl: "No, not yet!"

* * *

Miss X: "I feel tired. I've been getting along on only two hours sleep a day."

Miss Y: "Only two hours a day? How do you manage?"

Miss X: "I take the rest at night."

* * *

Class President: "For the last time I'm asking you for ten cents each."

Class: "Thank goodness that's over."

* * *

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
But you stay in after four—alone."

* * *

Miss Peirson: "Getting anything out of Grade VIII, except noise, is like getting fish out of a dry pond!"



GRADE VIII

FRONT ROW—Judy Patton, Joey Adamson, Beverley Aird, Barbara Risk, Lois Macdonald, Joan Adams.

MIDDLE ROW—Mary Lane Ward, Lorna Craig, Diana Nanton, Bertie Clancy, Frances Macfarland, Ina Huehn.

BACK ROW—Jane Gladstone, Barbara Thomas, Ruth Gonick, Esme Lee, Susan Snell, Cathy Young, Teresa Thain, Daphne Hanson.

THE LETTER

City Dump,
Winnipeg, Man.,
January, 1949.

Dear Old Pal:

This is probably the last time I shall be writing you from my home, the City Dump. As of next Monday, I will be residing at the home of one Bunty Thomas Lewall Richardson, who, when he had inspected me in my home, decided that even if I was an old rattle-trap, he could fix me up enough with some new parts and a coat of paint to be able to call me a car.

It will seem nice to have an owner again, and to be looked after, and to have a big warm garage all to myself. Bunty (they call him that for short), says he will even get me a new horn and will take me to all the rugby games this season. What fun!

I am getting so old now that I didn't think I would last over the winter.

You, of course, have been luckier all along, and, unlike myself, have never been an orphan. You have had the best homes and you even had a duke sitting in your back seat.

Bunty is just a college kid, but from one old Ford to another . . . He's O.K.

Yours in trust,
Hopping Herman, Esq.

JANE GLADSTONE,
Grade VIII.

* * *

THE DISASTER

I was born in layers and layers of pink gum, and at first had great trouble pushing my way through. I gave my young owner much pain, but later—at least so I am told—she was glad she had endured such pain.

I later became white and shiny, and my mistress was very proud of me. Alas! something happened! I had a craving for sweets! Our first visit to the dentist gave me a terrific headache, and so did the following visit, though I can't understand why.

Finally these weekly headaches became too much for me and I fell out. I was then placed under a rug and became very cold and lonely for my sweets. Then I heard heavy footsteps going by, and the next moment there was a loud crunch as I was stepped on. Oh dear! How it hurt! Soon all my pieces were picked up and—clang—buzz—buzz—

Yow! It was only a dream, and here I am back with the dear old dentist!

JUDY PATTON,
Grade VIII.

ONE NIGHT IN A BARN

It was a cold, dark and stormy night. The wind was whistling around the trees and the sky was full of clouds. I had been wandering for many hours, looking for shelter, when suddenly in the distance I saw a barn.

This barn was situated on a hill, far out in the country. Perhaps its weird appearance was due to the lack of ownership it had felt for many years. It was about thirty-five years old and very battered. The door through which the cattle used to go, or should have gone, was half off its hinges, the hay-mow was rotten and full of rats and when I walked along, the floor creaked and I continually thought someone was behind me. The windows were hardly visible so that what air there was was musty and hot.

It was the middle of the night in the hay-mow of this barn where I had chosen to sleep. As I had just found a spot in the corner where I made my bed of a few scraps of hay, I lay down, thinking of the cold, dark outside and hoping that no one else would venture into my retreat. I had just dozed off when I was awakened by something falling on me.

Suddenly I saw it! There, sitting on my chest, was an owl. It had yellow, beady eyes and a strong beard. I jumped up and "screamed blue murder," for I was terrifically frightened of owls, especially when they landed on me from nowhere in an ancient barn at midnight. I looked around and saw a rat, or two rats, coming at me from the corner. I was scared. I climbed up on the rafters and stayed there 'til morning.

When dawn broke, I jumped down from the rafters as quickly as I could and scrambled down to the main floor of the old barn. I

rushed to the door and found that it was stuck—it wouldn't move. What was I to do? I called and called but no help came. Then, looking around and hoping to find some means of escape from this owl and rats' nest, I spied a door at the back of the barn and quickly ran forward to see if it opened. To my relief it did. I shoved it open and dashed headlong into the bright sunlight. I breathed a sigh of relief and quickly, but at an even pace, started on my way.

My moral is: Do not go into an old barn by yourself at night, or you might find company—the kind you do not like!

MARY LANE WARD.

Grade VIII.



IN THE SPRING

*Mountains of the high piled snow
Before the sun is doomed to go,
Water dripping down the eaves,
Winter goes and no one grieves.*

*Warmer is the noon-day air,
Streets of snow are almost bare,
Snowy days we soon forget
Before each laughing rivulet.*

*Soon gathering willows we will go,
Amidst the cawing of the crow;
Hills and dales are green and dry,
Fleecy white clouds fill the sky.*

*Warmer sun snaps winter's vise,
The river's full of moving ice,
Children's shouts with laughter ring,
With the coming of the Spring!*

MARY GRACE BRATHWAITE,

Grade IX.



GRADE IX

FRONT ROW—Phyllis Erwin, Constance Voth, Katherine Vlassie, Sally Dangerfield, Doris Tucker, Jenepher Gemmill

MIDDLE ROW—June Trowell, Myrna Bartlett, Ada Rice, Wendy Smith, Donna Smith, Ruth Kleiman.

BACK ROW—Judith Ross, Mary Grace Brathwaite, Mary Jane McElhoes, Johanne Wintemute, Janet Carman, Katharine Wood, Anne Oriel.

ON FISHING

Fishing—it sounds easy, doesn't it? Well, I wouldn't know, would you? You see, I have never been fishing in my life. It's always helpful to have experienced the subject you are going to write on, but why be like the common person? Be different!—Be independent!!

Well now, getting back to fishing. Some say fishing is fun, but others disagree. It is, however, good to go fishing for a change, and get away from doing the same things all the time. Some people prefer to go hunting or golfing, but everyone to his own opinion, I always say.

If you were to go fishing some day, for the first time, you would need a few helpful hints which I am prepared to give. First of all, you would need a rod. Some people would go and

buy a rod, but why do that when you can make one for no money at all? Rods, I have heard, are made of wood. In that case the best thing to do would be to get some wood; even a limb of a tree would do. Be sure, though, to get a long one. Then you would need a piece of string. I suppose it would need to be a strong piece so that it wouldn't break. Now one of the most important things is the worms which are used as bait. Worms can be found in the ground—I think! But be sure not to dig up your garden or you might find your mother after you. After you have collected these things, you need one more object, some sort of a contraption called a hook. I really haven't any idea what this object is used for, but I imagine that you could use something a little cheaper, which seems just as good—of course—the safety-pin—what else?

At last you are all set except for one thing. What are you going to fish in? A lake, I suppose, would be best. If a lake is not available, I suppose a river or stream would do; but make sure of one thing, that there are fish in the lake or stream.

Now there is the question of how to fish. Some people prefer boats, but there again money is needed to buy or rent the boat, unless you happen to be a lucky person who owns one. If you have no boat don't give up, as there are other ways of fishing. If the water is deep enough you can sit on the river bank and fish. But if none of these things are available you have nothing left but the kitchen sink.

Now, I think I have given you enough points. Go out and have a whale of a time, and good fishing!

KATHERINE VLASSIE,
Grade IX.

NIGHT UNDER THE STARS

One evening during the summer the Girl Guides of the Drake and the Nelson Cabins of Camp Ruttan packed their overnight clothes and, with their bed rolls, went on an overnight hike. It wasn't a hike exactly, because we rowed the huge navy cutter to another part of the island, and blisters on our hands instead of on our feet resulted.

We arrived after dark, and with our flashlight, trying to avoid the patches of poison ivy, we managed to unload our duffle bags from the boat. After spreading out our bed rolls and preparing for bed, a fire was made and we had some hot cocoa and some Guide cookies.

Jokes were told and then most of us finally fell asleep. I didn't. The mosquitoes were having a wonderful time buzzing around my head. While lying there, trying to sleep in that terrible racket, I realized I was too hot. I had to suffer because the blankets were pinned in such a way that it was impossible to take off a blanket without ruining the bed roll. I decided to forget my troubles and look up at the stars which were sparkling brightly, and at last I fell asleep. Some girls woke during the night finding themselves sliding into the lake.

In the morning we went for a "skinny dip" (without bathing suits) in the lake.

No one could have breakfast unless she made it herself. Three Guides shared a fire and the cooking utensils. We had oranges, porridge, sausages, bread twists, and cocoa. The porridge had tiny twigs in it but no one tasted them, or the porridge, because of the heapings of brown sugar. The bread twists were made of

dough and were twisted on the end of a stick. We ate our sausages with these.

After washing the pans, etc., and packing, we headed for home. On the way we lost our oar and had to turn back. It was tough rowing when we got into rough water, but soon we reached the dock. We were met by the people from the Frobisher and Beatty Cabins whom we told that in spite of all our difficulties we had enjoyed our "night under the stars."

PHYLLIS ERWIN,
Grade IX.

GONE

*I saw but once
That poppy red.
Frail? No, — strong,
Eager, gleaming,
Laughing, gay.
Now it is dead.*

*Swiftly, silently,
Gently, sadly,
Blew to greater love,
Without delay.
The wind came
And blew away.*

*From my mind
Unaware in passing.
Free to say, "Hello,"
Only hello; no more
Does ever part my lips
In chatting.*

JILL BAKER,
Grade XI

HERE

*The horn is clear,
The moth clings to the light,
But still trees scream
As the breeze runs to shelter.*

*The dog is common,
The moth invisible;
Fickle trees dance and laugh
As the breeze — forgetting shelter —
Whistles at their bodies
Clothed protectingly.*

*Yet again — horn near,
Moth clinging;
The trees scream with fear
In their nakedness
At the strange breeze running for nowhere.*

GAIL FLORANCE,
Grade XI



GRADE X

BACK ROW—Marlene Musgrove, Bernice Ashe, Mary Jackson, Lillian Briercliffe, Marjorie Currie, Jocelyn Carey.

MIDDLE ROW—Pamela Garton, Janice Nixon, Alice Elliot, Geraldine Schoepp, Patricia Copley.

FRONT ROW—Moirra Morrison, Patricia Taylor, Shelagh Morrison, Kathleen Blake, Ruth Simonds.

"MARIA"

As she walked through the grilled iron gates for the last time, Maria knew that, in its way, life had been good to her. Four years ago she would never have said this, but she had made some people understand about her and her kind, and others would soon learn too.

Turning back to the road again, she remembered the happiness which had been hers when her parents were alive; the terrible shock when she learned they wouldn't be coming home again, and vague mention about an explosion in the piano factory where they worked. Vivid pictures of strange people coming to the cottage to see that she was dressed in black, the drive to the cemetery where her mother and father were laid to eternal rest; and then loneliness.

The deep-rooted loneliness, the solitude, the quietness of the once happy home; and then

another fear pushed itself forward: the fear of the future!

But she need not have worried, for the women of the community were looking out for her. "Of course," they said, "she will go to the orphanage in Ripley—she's only a minor and cannot look out for herself, and no one wants to take a darkie as a ward."

These words hurt Maria to the core, but she would never let on. And so it was arranged. No one asked Maria if she wanted to go, but it was being done for her welfare and she should be grateful.

Maria was very lonely at the Home, for none of the children would play with her or even talk to her. The matrons only tolerated her dark skin because they were paid to.

The Home was nice, Maria had to admit, if only she were accepted! The buildings were large and sunny with acres of grounds to play

on and a large swimming pool. She never swam with the others, but at night, when the others were playing games, she would slip down for a solitary half hour.

School work was no problem, for Maria spent her time studying while the others were playing—unless the teachers insisted she go out and join them. Even then she didn't enjoy herself, for the games-mistress ignored her and she stood quietly by herself.

Then Jim came to the Home, and Maria realized that she wasn't left alone because she had been there only a few months, but for some other reason, for Jim was accepted right away, while she was hardly spoken to.

But Jim was not a good boy; he would not accept any rules. Several times he had slipped away and gone swimming while everyone else slept—everyone, that is, but Maria, the night that changed everything.

No one heard his frantic scream for help but Maria; no one heard her slip out of bed, run quietly down the stairs and across the grounds to the pool. Jim's shouts were growing fainter, and as Maria reached the pool he was just going under.

Diving neatly and taking strong, sure strokes, Maria was at the spot where Jim had gone under, and with a deep breath she had gone under too. It had been hard to see, but a dark, writhing body was only a few yards away. She had grasped him under the arms and struggled to the surface. Jim kicked and squirmed and Maria knew that if he didn't stop they might both drown, so with deft movements she turned him around, caught him under the thighs and with swift, powerful strokes headed for the wall.

The commotion caused by Jim's screams and Maria's frantic yells for help roused the matron. She hastened in the direction of the shouts and found Maria bent over the badly frightened Jim.

When she had the story from sobbing Jim and the frightened Maria, the matron knew no punishment was necessary for the offender.

The night story soon spread, and everyone knew of the dark heroine, and, realizing that she was the same as they were, they at last accepted her.

At last Maria knew that she had come home; not the same as her world before, for that would never happen again, but now to a place of security and happiness where she knew she would never be alone and never despised.

In the four years Maria spent there she had nothing to fear, and if loneliness and longing came upon her now and then, was that not

only natural, for memories live long in a happy life?

So as she walked away for the last time, Maria had a sense of well-being, and she knew that she could walk among men with her head held high, for she knew that the way to reach the heart was through kindness and understanding.

Life had been good to a young, unwanted Negro, and another step had been made toward racial tolerance.

GERALDINE SCHOEPP,
Grade X.

DEADLINE, APRIL 29

(Dedicated to "The Eagle" Advertising Committee)

"Well, here's Dirks Bingwall," I cheerfully announced. "Let's go in."

We gave each other a pep talk which, by the way, was inclined to fall rather flat, straightened our ties (figuratively speaking) and marched boldly through the doors, while each wished that she was back in bed this cold Saturday morning. We received a puzzled look as we announced that we desired to see the advertising manager, but we were led to the back of the store where a little man who looked rather anaemic was sitting at a far too large desk.

"I am Mary Jones, and this is Betty Smith, and we are from Rupert's Land School, and we want to know if you would like an advertisement in our school magazine, 'The Eagle.'"

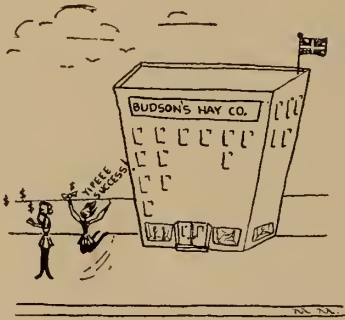
After this wonderful sales talk he could hardly refuse at least a half page, so I shoved our battered and grubby copy of "The Eagle" at him expectantly. We had a hard time controlling ourselves as he leafed through the advertising sections, looked a little worried, put on his glasses, flipped the pages again and broke out in a perfectly charming smirk. Then to our great disappointment he handed back our magazine and said (with his rather anaemic nose in the air):



"We will have one-eighth of a page."

Betty whispered to me and I turned on the charm, but to no purpose — the three dollars stuck.

We left, rather deflated, but still hopeful as we arrived at our next place — Much Daid Ice Cream — where we tried a different approach, that of the poor, cold, wistful little schoolgirl, trying oh so hard. This got us nowhere, for we both looked very robust from our brisk walk. We left emptyhanded, with an apologetic "no" ringing in our ears.



At the Budson's Hay Co. we got lost on the sixth floor — what next? After many adventures, as books would say, we arrived at the advertising manager's office, an elaborate affair which suited its occupant to a T. Here, much to our amazement, our sales talk (??) convinced the manager that what his honourable institution really needed was a cover advertisement. We left, gloating over thirty whole dollars, and quite oblivious of the fact that Budson's Hay Co. nearly always had a cover advertisement.



Our next stop was Doyer's Mug Store — dear familiar old place — where things happened so fast that all I can remember is being gently helped out the door minus an advertisement.



Next we went to Halsbury Souse where an owlsh looking individual with horn-rimmed glasses, pronounced the stupefying verdict — a whole quarter page! We departed having made only a minor mistake: we told them the address of the engraver's instead of the printer's — (on our consciences.)



Our last stop was Badbury's Chocolate, we trudged up flights of stairs for nothing — no advertisement. Perhaps it wasn't for nothing, for we got a chocolate bar each and munched it contentedly as we left the advertising manager pulling his hair.

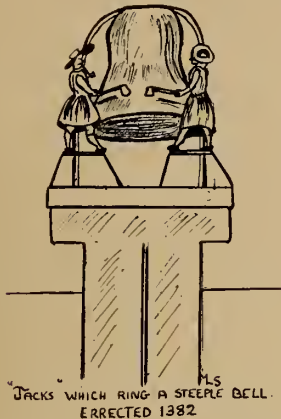


We arrived home dead tired, but on Monday we were rewarded with a red line six squares long (two for each ad) on the advertising graph, and a black line — well, we'll just omit that.

(Note: All names and places (???) used in this article are purely fictitious.)

MARLENE MUSGROVE,
RUTH SIMONDS,
PATSY TAYLOR,

Grade X.



A MATTER OF TIME

On a recent visit to England, while sight-seeing in old churches and cathedrals, I was fascinated by the ancient sun-dials and ornate clocks I saw there. This led to a study of the stories behind the timekeeper which I saw.

At almost all of the ancient churches dating back to the tenth century, a clock of the sundial type can be found carved in stone; these are very often beside or over an ancient door or window. Many of them are half obliterated by time and weather, but still I found an exceptionally good example of this type of clock at Elham Church, Kent.

It was about the year thirteen hundred and sixty that the first mechanical clock appeared. I learned that all clocks of this period were very large and in no sense portable; as the striking of the clock and not the timekeeping construction was considered important, no accurate descriptions of the mechanisms have been found.

The three oldest clocks in England are found in St. Paul's Cathedral, Canterbury Cathedral, and tower of Westminster Abbey.

Although it is not quite as ancient as those, the clock which I saw at Wells Cathedral is an excellent example of a fourteenth century clock. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk, and has a very elaborate face, the diameter of which is about six feet. The face is divided into three circles: the outer circle shows the hours as we have them marked on our modern clocks; the second circle shows the minutes, for it represents the sun as it moves round the earth, and a large gilt star points to the hour. In the third circle, a crescent with a pointer shows the moon's age and gives the lunar days of the month. A globe of the World painted with clouds and stars, is situated in the centre.

Above the dialed plate is a pannelled tower around which two knights on horseback ride in opposite directions, tilting at each other as they meet. A seated figure known as Jack Blandifer strikes with its heels against bells on the quarters and also hammers out the hours. Connected with the works of the clock on the outside of the cathedral, two knights in the armour of the fifteenth century strike with battle axes, the quarters, on bells.

After thirteen hundred and sixty, immense clocks sometimes thirty or forty feet high, were placed in cathedrals and public buildings. Some of these simply kept time and struck the hours, but many others were extremely complicated. Not only true solar time, mean solar time, and the movements of the sun, moon and planets were shown, but also a perpetual calendar was indicated. In fact, sometimes automatic figures on the clock gave an elaborate marionette show at the hour of twelve. The greatest pains were taken in outward appearance, but much less care was given to accurate timekeeping, and hardly any improvements were made on the timekeeping qualities of these elaborate clocks. At the end of the sixteenth century the enthusiasm for clocks like those at Wells, Exeter, and York which boasted bell-striking "Jacks," was at its peak, but it declined quickly in the seventeenth century, because the advent of domestic clocks solved the century-old mystery of clock mechanism.

One very fine illustration of a clock of this period which I saw is the Hampton Court Palace clock which was built in fifteen hundred and forty for Henry VIII. Besides telling the hour, month, day of the month and the position of the sun, it also tells the number of days since the beginning of the year, the phases of the moon and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian and the time of high water at London Bridge. Because legend tells us that the clock suddenly stopped striking when Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I, died at Hampton Court, it has been given the name "Clock of Death."

Not only the value of a hobby is gained from the study of clocks, but also some of the worthwhile philosophy of the clockmakers of long ago, who realized that, in a sense, every clock is a "clock of death," and so decorated their beautiful clocks with such mottoes as:

"Carpe diem, hora adest vespertina."

"Seize the present moment, the hour of eve is nigh."

MARY LOU SIME,

Grade XI

ON BRINGING UP CHILDREN

"Childhood — the season of joy." I question this statement. Joy for whom? The parent? Hardly! The child? Perhaps, but from the frequent complaints and temper tantrums I have heard, I gather that the only joy the child has is in constantly tormenting the whole family.

To take this topic scientifically, one should read several books written by psychologists on the child's mind (if any). They will tell you just what to expect of every age, and you will then proceed to find out how wrong they are. I warn you — if the book says that three-year olds delight in hitting acquaintances on the head with hammers and buzz-saws, do not discard your football helmet until the child is past eight years of age. Children are very undependable; a six-year-old may revert to the habit of a three-year-old at any moment. The dangerous years of a child's life are from two to ten; after that you are comparatively safe.

First I shall discuss the handling of small boys, reported to be made of "nails and snails and puppy dogs' tails." These are but a few of the commodities, however, found in the vicinity of small boys. Let us examine the mind, so as to understand its workings. The frontal section is entirely devoted to spit-balls, behind which is a convenient opening through which "undesirable things to remember" may seep out. The jet plane and superman compartment comes below the spit-ball section, and then a miscellaneous compartment which may contain anything from a recipe for deadly poison to a memorized comic book.

Small boys go through many stages, one of the earliest being the "screwing all the handles off the windows" stage. This is not as dangerous as the "jumping on you from behind with a frightening growl" stage or the "table kicking" stage, which come later. At about the age of six comes superman idolizing and incessant comic books, which at least keep the child quiet.

A problem which often comes up when the boy is two or three is how to get him out of the bath-room when he locks the door. This may be done in several ways, the most effective of which is sawing a hole right through the door. How to trap him to have a bath or to practise his piano lesson is another pressing problem. If enough people are present, an ambush may be successfully executed; otherwise a lasso often comes in handy.

Little girls, made of "sugar and spice, and all things nice," do not present the same prob-

lem as the usual species of small boy. As a rule they are fairly good. Surveys show that little girls collect only 75% as much dirt in spring as small boys — a proof of their superior state. Of course, to the type of little girl commonly known as the tomboy, the same rules apply as to a small boy.

A little girl's mind is mainly concerned with "dolls and how to break them," a knowledge of how to judge exactly to the second when mother relaxes on the chesterfield, so that a drink of water may be vociferously called for, and similar useful pieces of know how. This mind is not as complicated as that of the small boy.

In general, children are hard to handle, and everyone advises a different method. My advice is, ignore them as long as possible when they are a nuisance, but when the attack becomes too vigorous for you to shake off, call for help and escape if you can. Remember, the modern child is tender and sensitive, and must by no means be restrained. He might develop a complex.

JOANNA HOLLENBERG,....

Grade XI

GARDENING ENTHUSIASM

*"Spring is here,
The grass is ris,
I wonder where the flowers is."*

The layman gardener, with a sudden realization that spring is here, probably has this artistic piece of poetry running through his mind as he views his last summer's pride and joy, now merely a hard gray patch of earth — his garden.

Now this typical gardener, Mr. Carsnip by name, is a vigorous man who has a very special regard peculiar to nearly all men — a regard for food. No, Mr. Carsnip might not be aware of it himself, but psychologists might very well say that he is making plans for a vegetable garden instead of a flower garden, because of this characteristic "thought of stomach." Enough of scientific explanations for Mr. Carsnip's thoughts and actions; it is sufficient to say that he has the urge to plant his vegetable garden.

Now, of course, this urge has come after a hard day at the office so that Mr. Carsnip has to hurry through his dinner before he can make a bee line for the basement to find his clothes and implements. His wife has washed his clothes since the fall, but, with a sinister sigh Mr. Carsnip plans to have his trousers wrinkled

and baggy, his hat battered, and his shoes thoroughly muddled again after two or three outings. Then he takes his fork and spade, slings them over his shoulder and in true military style, marches onward up the stairs, through the door, and past the garage to that fascinating plot of ground.

Hence his work begins. Mr. Carsnip glances around to see if any of the neighbors are watching; none are, but, undaunted, he thrusts the fork into the ground. Oops, just missed his foot! However, as his enthusiasm burns lower his personal safety will probably become more secure. By the end of an hour it is so dark that Mr. Carsnip cannot see any more and . . . my goodness, only three rows of that little plot have been dug. With a still fiery ambition, blistered hands, and the cheerful remembrance that next week will see the advent of daylight saving which will give him an hour more of daylight to work by, Mr. Carsnip goes back into the house, changes his clothes so that he can sit in the living-room (one of the demands of his wife) and settles down to read the newspaper.

The next evening sees the same procedure, but during the third an obstruction arises, by name, Syd, his neighbor. Syd brings out the newest of his wood-working gadgets to show him over the back fence and one thing leads to another . . . it's dark before Mr. Carsnip knows it, and time to go in. Allowing time off for rain, gossip with Syd, the visiting of friends and the picking up of his wife after her social functions, it takes Mr. Carsnip at least two weeks to get that garden dug.

Mr. Carsnip waits for the next Saturday afternoon to come so that he can plant his garden then, for that is surely an afternoon's work. Besides, his wife can help him then, because the stores are closing on Saturday afternoon for the summer. On the appointed afternoon Mr. Carsnip places very carefully each seed in the trough (dug by his wife just ahead of him) while at the same time he is being very careful to measure with his yard stick the exact distance that there should be between the seeds. He learned this fact from the new edition of the "Gardeners' Journal." A row of radishes follows the lettuce, while rows of peas, beans, carrots and beets follow in due course. Corn is to take the place of last year's potatoes; it was far too much trouble to have to keep picking off the potato beetles.

The job done, Mr. Carsnip can sit back and rest for awhile, and unless there is a drought in the land, or a gopher makes his garden his vegetable market, or he himself gets rheuma-

tism and cannot keep the weeds from choking out the vegetables, Mr. Carsnip's dream of his vegetable garden has a fifty-fifty chance of coming true.

RUTH SWATLAND,
Grade XII

Short Story and Poetry Competitions

Miss Anne Cunningham, an old girl of the school, an honours graduate of the University of Manitoba and our current Art teacher, very kindly adjudicated these competitions, the results of which are given below. We are very grateful to Miss Cunningham for her prompt and efficient adjudications, and for the helpful comments which she appended to each entry.

JUNIOR POEMS

1. Cathy Young: "Nature's Hide-out."

SENIOR POEM

1. Mary Lou Sime: "A September Day."

JUNIOR SHORT STORY

1. Jenepher Gemmill: "Her Night."
- Honorable Mention: Joan Davidson: "Lucky."

SENIOR SHORT STORY

1. Shannon Hall: "Alone."

A SEPTEMBER DAY

(First Prize, Senior Poem)

The sturdy team pulls home the new cut load,
Across a curving arch of dusky stone,
Warm rays of sun here dapple shaded road,
Below, upon the bank, one man alone
Observes a swirling stream, now foaming grey
To glide, uncalm, in sweeping curves away.

Near mottled rocks still shrouded soft by moss,
Wild willows waving, curving, downward
stand,
But then unbend in sudden wind to toss
A fall of golden leaves on stony land,
Along the stream stiff grasses shiver, thrill,
The breezes pass, then quickly, all is still.

MARY LOU SIME,

* * * Grade XI

("A September Day" lacks depth of content, but the poem is a more than adequate handling of what it sets out to be: a picture of an autumn day. The technique is conventional, but well controlled, and the rhythm smooth and unobtrusive. The long vowels contribute to the tone of autumn calm which mingles nicely with the hints of winter's coming tempestuousness in the lines describing Nature's turbulent aspects.)

NATURE'S HIDE-OUT

(First Prize, Junior Poem)

Where the heavens meet the pinetops,
 Where the rivers join the lakes,
 Dappled deer enjoy their freedom,
 And the nature world awakes.

In among the scented woodland
 A cabin scarce is seen,
 It peeps through balsam, birch, and pinetree,
 Nestles in among the green.

A robust man walks up its steps,
 His face shows wear and toil;
 For this dear land is part of him
 And his body knows its soil.

At his door he turns and pauses,
 Surveys daylight's final rays;
 He slowly lifts his head in wonder
 Scanning the skies in silent praise.

CATHY YOUNG,

Grade VIII

(A controlled piece of work in which the metre and rhyme is subordinate to the content. There is a unified atmosphere of calm, in keeping with the scene described, and evenness of tone is maintained throughout the poem. The man and his attitude to Nature is introduced with ease and naturalness. The only discordant element is the slangy word "hide-out.")

"HER NIGHT"

(First Prize, Junior Short Story)

A little girl sat in the farthest corner of the large concert hall, watching the people, gay and excited, flocking to their places. She was all alone. Even the stout woman beside her with the long string of pearls around her neck, seemed a thousand miles away, for she was rich and witty and laughed loudly with the gentleman beside her.

It had taken her mother a whole day of scrubbing floors to earn the money for a ticket to the symphony. The word thrilled her, for she had never heard a symphony before, not even on the radio, because they were far too poor to afford a radio. They had been poor ever since her father died six years ago. Even at four years of age the child had listened, hour after hour, while her father had played the violin, and she had determined to be like him. Then her father had died, and they had to sell the violin to pay for the funeral.

The murals on the wall reminded her of the woods where she played; and she wished she could paint as well. But they were too poor to buy paper and paints. She would have to be content with this night — the night her mother had planned for weeks. She would remember every detail and keep it in her heart forever, so that when she grew up and earned enough money to buy paper and paints, she could write it and paint it and tell the world of this night — her night.

She pulled the ragged coat more tightly about her thin shoulders, because the lady and gentleman were staring at her, and whispering. She knew what they were saying, because everybody said it, and she was accustomed to being stared at.

There was a great deal of rustling, and chattering of gay laughter, and glittering lights and jewels. Women glided in, and black and white clad men moved stiffly down the red velveted aisles. A chandelier, white and round as a full moon, swayed in the vast space between the floor and the ceiling. An air of excitement swept over the crowd, and in her corner the girl grasped the back of the chair in front of her.

Suddenly the great chandelier dimmed, and the brittle light vanished, the shimmering blue curtain rose, and fairyland appeared before her eyes . . . hushed and beautiful. The women sank back in their chairs, and the gentlemen made themselves comfortable. But the girl was tense and pale, and her large dark eyes shone with incredulity and awe. The conductor stepped out on the stage, bowed and smiled to his audience. The society clapped like thunder rolling, but the poor girl stared, her knuckles white, and her black hair falling over her pale brow.

The conductor raised his baton, and silence swept over like a cloud, engulfing the audience. Softly, gently, the first notes breathed from the violins, quivering and delicate, like the rippling of a stream far away. Then the 'cellos took up the refrain, swelling the harmony, drawing it forth; and the flutes began to sigh, mournfully, like a breeze.

Music such as she had never heard poured forth from the shining instruments and eager musicians. Louder it grew, and wild, sweeping down the red velveted aisles, through the hills and trees on the murals, up, up to the farthest corner of the theatre, to the girl where she sat with her dark eyes staring, and her clenched knuckles white. Around and around the music swirled, lilting and gay, then wild and sweet, drawing her very soul from within her, until

she was part of it, dancing and spinning, soaring up to the dizzy heights above the chandelier, tumbling in ecstatic chords, and rolling drums.

Suddenly the music dropped, and for a second not a sound was heard. Then quietly the violins began to play again, sadly, passionately, sobbing, their notes flooding the halls with tender grief and melancholy, until the girl could bear it no longer. The tears filled her eyes and flowed down her thin cheeks. Her pretty face was glowing with utter joy. Her heart was as full that it could hold no more, and, oblivious of the worldly crowd, she left her corner and stumbled through the velvet curtained archway, down the dim-lit corridors, and out into the damp, dark air.

Those people would go out, noisy and chattering, and by the next day would have forgotten it all. But by the girl it would never be forgotten . . . It was Her Night.

JENEPHER GEMMILL,

Grade IX

("Her Night," while lacking some elements of a short story proper, is an admirably presented character sketch. The descriptive quality is good. The scene and incidents at the concert are sensitively treated and skilfully used to round out the main character. All elements of the story contribute to the end of revealing the girl and the effects of the concert on her. Good use is made of the device of contrast. The piece has unity and coherence.)

~ "ALONE"

(First Prize, Senior Short Story)

Bill Farley and Mike Besom owned a trading post on Saki island in the South Pacific, where they had collected, by various methods, enough pearls to set them on easy street for the rest of their lives on their return to Canada. They had come out five years ago to this island which they were soon to leave on a supply ship whose trips were five interminable years apart.

Bill Farley's shrewd little eyes looked at everything through a haze of greed, as Mike was well aware. He would check the pearls for any possible flaw before trading his cheap goods with the unsuspecting natives, who sensed only that this tall, nervous white wasted more and still more on their pearls. Mike, with his friendly interest in the natives, and lazy, easy going manner, had never become close friends. The two men had never become close friends,

but simply put up with each other because they had been thrown together in this outlandish jungle post.

But growing in the ever-increasing greed of Farley's mind was a foul plan in which Mike figured prominently. As Bill would squint across the bay watching the glistening brown bodies of the natives as they cut into the water in search of now thinning oyster beds, he would think of ways to get Mike out of the picture, so that the money might be his, all his, with no need to share with the unambitious partner who laughed at Bill's persistently scheming ways. The north coast was walled in by sheer cliffs staring unblinkingly out to sea, and at the feet of these impassive sentinels was a solid rock formation resembling a gigantic step. Through this rock the boiling waters had burrowed a tunnel which opened into a partly submerged cave in the cliffs' base. Here in past years the natives had found pearls of extraordinary size and hue, due to the darkness of the surroundings, but on one unfortunate expedition one of the divers had drowned mysteriously. Due to the superstitious terrors wrapped around the dead spirit haunting those waters, the two white men had been unable to get them to dive there since.

One day as the men were sitting in the close heat of their hut, Farley suggested in the most off-hand manner he could muster (with all that was at stake in Mike's answer), "What do you say, we go have a look at the old cave today, Mike? Might come across something."

Mike shifted listlessly on the decrepit couch and lazily opened his eyes. "Do you have to keep going all the time? We probably won't find a thing there and what if we did, it don't make that much difference. We've got plenty of pearls without swimming around in that creepy hole."

Bill knew that arguing would get him nowhere at this stage. He stood up, walked to the door and called over his shoulder, "Okay, Okay, but it will cool you off. I'm going anyway, so come if you want to, but don't strain yourself." With that he strode down the steps straining to catch Mike's answer.

"Hold up, Farley. I'm coming with you. What's the big hurry?"

Bill's heart lurched, he must not look concerned, for Mike might be slow physically, but he could sense dirty work a mile away. When the two reached the shore at the foot of the cliffs they removed their sandals and khaki shirts to wade into the swirling foam. There was a narrow bridge of coral near, which had

to be watched or their feet would be cut to pieces. As they sidestepped it, the ocean floor dropped suddenly and the two broke into the swift sure strokes of practised swimmers as they headed for the narrow opening of the tunnel. Bill took three gulps of the hot noon air and dived for the entrance. He must get into the pool ahead of Mike so that as Mike surfaced he would have his chance.

Through the murky green water Bill could see the tunnel sides widening into the walls of the cave. He rose to the surface, took one hurried look around and grabbed a sharp piece of rock the size of a human head, which must have broken off the dripping roof above. The light was dim except for a few shafts of sunlight which penetrated the narrow cracks to the front of the cave's menacing roof. But now Mike was coming through the tunnel's entrance to surface right at Bill's feet, and as he did Bill raised his arm, and with deadly accuracy smashed it down with inhuman force on the pudgy expressionless face that did not even have time to register surprise. Again and again he struck, not knowing when to stop till the lifeless body sank jerkily into the waiting depths. Shaken terribly, Farley gazed around stupidly for a minute, then seeming to collect himself he took one last glance at the concealing surface of the pool and dived for the entrance.

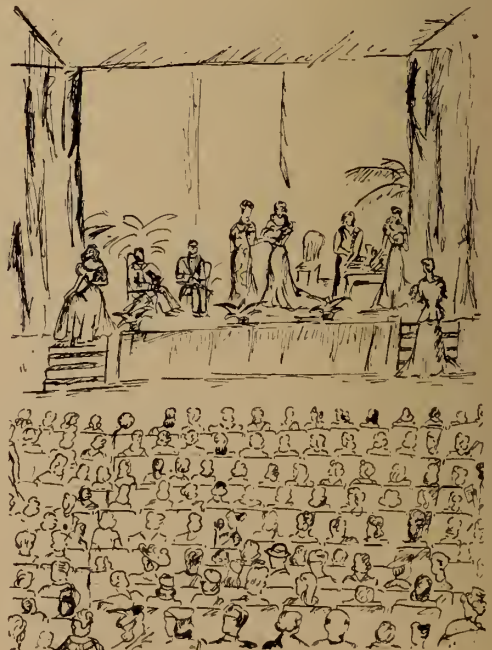
For the next four days before the arrival of the ship, Bill got everything in order and traded the last of his equipment for pearls, so that on Monday morning everything was ready on the hut's rickety porch, to be taken away. The boat would wait for a signal from shore before coming in to pick up any passengers who were there. But first Farley had to have one last look in that cave just to make sure everything was as it should be.

He swam hurriedly out to the entrance, dived cleanly through it and swam to the cave's side. One quick glance around was enough to assure him that Mike was really gone for good. There wasn't a sign to prove otherwise. He crept upon a narrow ledge to rest before starting back. But the ship might come and there was no one to give the signal, so he started to slide into the water. He jumped back quickly as a grey bullet nose poked above the surface. A shark? It was impossible. This couldn't happen now! He tried to assure himself that, because his nerves were on edge, he must be seeing things. But, no, over there in the far side of the pool, edging toward him

was the unmistakable form of the scavenger shark. Bill stood frozen, petrified beyond words. His head throbbed as realization came to him of what this meant. If he stepped into the water it was obvious what would happen, and sharks were patient waiters. His voice could never be heard from this stone tomb and the boat would sail by with no one to give the signal. He could expect help from nowhere for he was alone.

SHANNON HALL,
Grade XII

(The broad outlines of this story are very good. The plot is well rounded. The ending is dramatic and highly effective. The forcefulness of the whole is marred, however, by several minor shortcomings. In several places the action is unsuccessfully motivated. More could have been said to account for Bill's return to the cave. Mike's change of mind about going to the cave was too quick and unmotivated to be thoroughly convincing. Some plausible reason for the two men's joint ownership of the post would have strengthened the story. The reader is troubled by the question of how two men, basically unlike and not held by ties of friendship, happened to be thrown together in this particular place. Fuller characterization and deeper psychological insight would have increased the power of this story.)



Grade XI Graduates

DOROTHY BAILEY

Dorothy came to "Rupe" in Grade X, and she will be leaving in June to study for her B.A. or Home Ec. at either United College or the University of Manitoba. She is going to make photography her career; this year she took all the pictures for this year book, and while doing so her favorite expression was: "Get Mr. Locke! I've just blown another fuse!" Dorothy takes an active interest in the dancing class and in the terror of the badminton court. (Take that any way you wish.) We think Dorothy will make a very successful photographer, judging from the results of the school photography.



JILL BAKER

Jill's lodestar is Art, which has led to the winning of the Sures Trophy and to the past-presidency of the Art Club. This talent could lead someday to a career. She can really act, too, being judged the brilliant and easy winner of the Jones House Play last year. Jill, Grade XI's youngest, and prefect of Jones House, also has a noted giggle, which is really more appreciated by her classmates than by long-suffering Miss McLean. Perhaps her hobby and true love is a motor-boat at the Lake of the Woods in which she has whiled away many happy hours. Jill is a real pal.



JOAN CROLL

Joan came to Rupe in Grade VIII, and has since taken an interest in all activities, including sports. She has played on several Junior basketball teams, and this year is one of the guards on the First Team. She also enjoys tennis and plays quite a bit in the summer. She is a Matheson House prefect and also Matheson senior sports captain. Incidentally, if anyone wants any points on sewing, just ask Croll who is noted for her beautiful "hems." Whenever she is wanted for a Council meeting she can usually be found at Moyer's! Joan plans to take Home Ec. at the University next year, and we know she will succeed. Good luck, Croll!



THELMA DAWSON

Thelma came to Rupe in Grade X and has been telling jokes (?) ever since. The rest of the class are so astonished at them they let her have the one and only laugh. Thelma is a member of the dancing class and thoroughly enjoys P.T. and gym classes as well. She has given up reading books and is concentrating on her music option and homework. Thelma is determined to be a nurse and hopes to train at St. Boniface. At any rate, she is definitely not coming back to Rupe. Good luck, Thelma.



JOAN EVERETT, SCHOOL SPORTS CAPTAIN

Joan came to Rupert's Land from Vancouver for Grade III and since has been very active in school activities. Having won the Midget and Junior gym cups on different occasions, Joan takes a keen interest in sports. She became a member of the Junior basketball team in Grade VII and is now one of the best shots in the school, being now on the First Senior Team. Joan is a very proficient volley ball and deck-tennis player, and who could ever forget the time during an important badminton game when she swung at the birdie with all her might — and missed? Her ever-ready smile and outstanding sense of humor make her popular with everyone in the school. Joan also takes a keen interest in tennis and swimming. This year Joan was elected School Sports Captain and until the arrival of an instructress did an excellent job and proved her executive ability. She has taught many girls to play basketball and many to play "good" basketball. Joan has given much of her time to directing practices every day. A member of Machray House, Joan's plans are to take Interior Design at the U. of M. Best of luck, Joan, from all of us.



GAIL FLORANCE

The last of four Florance sisters to attend Rupert's Land, Gail has crowned her school year as the sympathetic and imaginative captain of Matheson House. She thinks "long, long thoughts" and as a result writes clear, lovely poetry; literature is certainly her strong interest — she is always reading something! Gail's wholesome sense of humor and spirit of good fun usually show themselves just in time to save the Latin class from despondency or to cheer up a friend. She enjoys sports and loves ballet; in whatever Gail does she radiates enthusiasm and enjoyment. This year Rupe loses Gail and her talents to the University of Manitoba.



ROSEMARY HENDERSON

One of the most active members of Rupe, distinguishing herself in sports and school work, Rosie is the Western Canadian Junior Skating Champ, and also has time for tennis, basketball and other school activities. Last year she won the tennis trophy and the Senior gym cup. She is a prefect of Dalton House and one of the outstanding players on the First Team. Rosie possesses a dynamic personality and is everyone's friend and the combination of sarcasm between her and Miss McLean keeps the French classes in stitches. Whether her career will be skating or Home Ec. we do not know, but we all wish her luck in everything!



ELIZABETH HICKMAN

Elizabeth seems shy and demure, but is often so funny she has them rolling in the aisles. She has a stage or radio voice, judging from her winning performance in the Jones House play last year, and rôle as announcer at the Initiation party. Eliz, a Jones prefect, and in the school council, of which she was secretary, could be counted on for enthusiastic ideas and the determination to carry them out. Elizabeth likes listening to jazz, and taking pictures. She intends to be a lawyer, perhaps because she is an encouraging and understanding friend.



JOANNA HOLLENBERG

To be honest, we must begin by writing A⁺ + A⁺ from kindergarten to Grade XI, which is really something. Joanna takes her work seriously as well as her fun which includes playing basketball and tennis, swimming and curling. This year Joanna climaxed her career by being an earnest and helpful captain of Jones House (remember those eyes glaring hatefully at the Jones detention list?) Most important of all is that she can take anything and come out on top of it, has a big, big heart, and will help anyone with Algebra tirelessly! Joanna is off to Chicago University and "Rupe" says "Vale."



SHELAGH JOY

Shelagh has been in and out of "Rupe" for the last six years and has been here for Grades IV, VI, X, and XI. She likes P.T. and gymn classes, making a regular habit of falling off the rings (after you once get her up). Shelagh takes an active interest in badminton, tennis and swimming. Some day she hopes to have a ranch of her own when she can ride day and night (nightmares) but her future is as yet undecided. There is some controversy as to whether or not Shelagh should cut her hair. Her classmates don't help her, because some say yes and some say no. Good luck in either decision, Shelagh.

JUNE KOBAR

Grade IX saw June's entry into "Rupe" from Herb Lake. June has taken an active part in school activities this year, she is a prefect of Machray House and is also on the Boarders' Council. Playing guard on the first basketball team has gained June the name of "Human Windmill" from her opponents. She is well known for her friendly manner and wonderful smile. An embarrassing moment for June came last term when she seemingly tackled Miss Turner in the hall and knocked her down; her classmates all tried to convince her to try out for the Blue Bombers this season. After leaving Grade XI, June plans to leave "Rupe" and take Science at United College.



JOAN NEILSON

Joan came to "Rupe" in Grade X and is a quiet, cheerful member of our class. At first we wondered whether her very blonde hair was dyed or natural, as it looked too good to be true, but now we know it's natural, and very lovely, too. She doesn't find gymn work easy, but enjoys it, and certainly tries hard, like the good sport she is. Music of all kinds, especially singing and piano, is of great interest to Joan. Her plans for next year are uncertain, but she hopes to become a nurse in the future.



GAY NEWMAN

Gay entered "Rupe" last year in Grade X from Selkirk and has accomplished a great deal here very quickly. This year she is a prefect in Machray, a member of the Boarders' Council, Rupert's Land's representative in Eaton's Junior Fashion Council, and both years she has played forward on basketball teams. Grade XI is completely familiar with her ability to make any situation funny. The day girls rejoiced to see Gay join their cloak-room ranks this last school term, as she had already become popular with the boarding school. As to what course she will take next year Gay is yet undecided, but she plans to go to Manitoba U.



ROSEMARY O'NEAIL

Grade XI's appreciation of Mitzi's smiling Irish eyes is obvious when she is greeted by comforting words on arriving late (9:25 a.m. per usual.) Mitzi always has a friendly word to say and will sing the latest songs for anyone. She is a wonderful person to get along with and never serious for very long. On the second basketball team this year, Mitzi played guard and kept everyone looking on the bright side of life. She is Matheson treasurer; we have all moaned with her over the 75c collected of the \$2.50 expected. We wish Mitzi good luck in everything she does in the future.



ELINOR SHAW

Nona Shaw, our blondest blonde in Grade XI, came to us this year as a boarder from Russell, Manitoba, and her friendly, fun-loving personality won her way into our hearts. She is talented in music and enjoys playing the piano very much; she plays beautifully, and did very well in the festival this year. What would the Grade XI P.T. class have done without Nona, who heroically played the waltz, "Beautiful Ohio," over and over for us as we practised for the competition. Next year she intends to take an Arts course, and then specialize in either music or social work.





MARY LOU SIME

Captain of Dalton House and one of Grade XI's top students, Mary Lou is a calm and collected member of our class. Her favorite sports are badminton, tennis, and swimming, but she does not pursue them with as much enthusiasm perhaps as drama, which was a main interest with her this year. Mary Lou's equanimity and friendly manner usually serve to save Grade XI from a crisis, and she is noted far and wide for her very pleasant smile. Next year Mary Lou plans to attend the U. of M. and plans eventually to make Science her career.



DIANNE SKYNNER

Dianne came to us this year and has entered into school life energetically, although she was ill for some time. Dianne is a very good student and has worked hard all year. She loves swimming and badminton and takes a great interest in St. Patrick's Badminton Club. Dianne hopes to return to "Rupe" next year for Grade XII and has definitely planned to be a mission nurse (like many she wants to see the world and the people in it and thinks this is a good way). But in whatever Dianne does we hope she will succeed.



NANCY SMITH

A quiet member of Grade XI is Nancy, the class president of the winter term. She came to "Rupe" in Grade VI and since then Nancy's sense of humor and innate kindness have made her a sympathetic friend to many. Study in general is not Nancy's forte, but she is a hard worker. Nancy has been enthusiastic and interested in everything that occurs at "Rupe." Perhaps that is why she intends to return for Grade XII (with no loss to the school.) After this Nancy does not know what is in store, but we are sure that it will bring all the happiness she deserves.



JANE WALLACE

Winnipeg became famous one summer day when Jane honored it with her presence. She began her engrossing study of matters "academic" in "Rupe's" kindergarten, and with the help of "Flabby-puss" has continued to do so ever since. Jane has devoted her surplus energy to basketball, and her place as a forward on the First Team is a great asset to us. "Wally" is a prefect of Dalton and is noted for her drawing of "the monkey and the banana." What she'll do hereafter no one can safely foretell, but this is sure, she'll put the "spert" into expert in whatever she undertakes.

Grade XII Graduates

RUTH SWATLAND

Ruth was our Head Girl this year and as if she wasn't busy enough with these duties, she was also lucky Machray's House captain. But she has done marvellously and we all hope she has as successful a year at University next year. Ruth was busy this year with her music (in between hay fever seasons, that is) and accompanied the school's junior choir in the festival. Her biggest woes were remembering to take the detention book down to prayers on Friday mornings and keeping the circle in the prefect duty book from becoming a square.

LILLIAN DIXON

Lillian came to "Rupe" for Grade XII this year, from Methven, Manitoba; it was not long before we all learned to call her by her nickname of "Dixie." Dixie has usually been very much a part in Grade XII's schemes, but we're sure she has a special disappearance act, for she always escapes being caught. Her favorite expression is, "Oh, no Shannon!" and everyone enjoys watching Dixie double up when she laughs. Although Dixie's plans are not definite, she thinks she will go to University where she will probably take an Arts course.

SHANNON HALL

Shannon has been coming to "Rupe" from Melfort, Saskatchewan, for four years, and this year is Head Boarder as well as a Matheson House prefect and one of this book's advertising managers. The whole school stood aghast after the Christmas holidays when Shannon came to classes with such large yellow teeth that she couldn't close her mouth; she explained she had had an accident. Everyone was so sorry until it became general knowledge that Shan had spent some time in her father's dental office — making teeth. The results prove Shannon's calling. Always on hand with a story of Buzzo (her pet buffalo ? ? ?), or imitation, Shannon is always able to pull Grade XII through its darkest hours.

PAMELA HALLIS

Pam was a new girl this year and has been a lively member of the boarding school, but maybe that can be accounted for by the fact that she came to "Rupe" from the wild and woolly West (Calgary). Pam is a member of Dalton House and one of the business managers for the yearbook. She is always ready to entertain Grade XII with a story or joke (she likes to giggle, too.) After a course at University she plans to become a Social Service Worker — all the luck in the world, Pam!

MARY LAWES

"Lawsie" as she is commonly known is a boarder from Kylemore, Saskatchewan. She was our class president for the first term, and is on the Boarders' Council, as well as being an active member of the Literary Society (remember Mrs. Gauthier!). Mary is very interested in Home Economics and knitting is one of her favorite pastimes. She is usually seen with a bright smile, which is even brighter on certain mail days. "Lawsie" plans to attend Normal School in September to train for a primary teacher. Good luck!



DORIS PERRY

Doris hails from Bissett, Manitoba, and has been a boarder here since Grade X. She is secretary of Jones House and was class president for one term. Doris is very enthusiastic about her flying and never fails to give us a tip on "banking." As well as taking the regular school subjects, Doris is taking music and shows great talent in Art. Her plans for next year will probably include a Commercial course with her main objective a pilot's private license. We wish you lots of luck, Doris!



Alumnae Successes

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

B.A. Honours.....Amy Best
B.Com. HonoursJean Law, B.A.
Doctor of Medicine.....Ruth Freyer, B.Sc.
B.Sc.H.Ec.Jeanne Beatty, Elizabeth Gemmill
Diploma in Education.....Winona Ross, B.A.

* * *

WINNIPEG GENERAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

Graduates — Yvonne Cross, Gertrude Eland,
Edythe Sanderson.

* * *

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Doctor of Medicine.....Helen Martin

ELIZABETH PATTON

Into the many happy memories which our Year Book records comes a note of sadness. Since last we went to print we have lost one of our beloved Old Girls, Margaret Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Patton.

Elizabeth graduated from the school in June, 1947, with a splendid record: she was a member of the first basketball team, Matheson House Captain and a student of exceptional promise. In the middle of her second year at the University of Manitoba, after an illness which she bore with cheerful courage, she passed on, leaving with us memories of a fine and radiant personality which we shall not forget.

In memory of Elizabeth, Matheson House has presented Professor Lower's "From Colony to Nation" to the School Library; the Home and School Association, at the annual meeting, donated a picture by Gauvin which is hung in the Grade XI classroom; and the graduates of 1946-1947 are awarding an annual prize for General Proficiency to a Junior Matriculant.

These are fitting memorials of a young life suddenly cut short, of which can indeed be said: "Nil nisi bonum" — nothing but good.

S. LL. T.

Farewells

We are all sorry to know that Miss Turner is leaving Rupert's Land at the end of this school year. For nineteen years Miss Turner has taught here; many girls have come and gone during this time, but as we have, so have they all benefitted from Miss Turner's friendliness and co-operative spirit, and certainly from her English teaching. Miss Turner has given us a guiding hand to show us how to really enjoy English literature; we all do appreciate this work she has done though at times this may not always have been evident.

All the girls connected with Rupert's Land will miss Miss Turner's friendship and especially her quality of being able to say just exactly what she thinks and means, which is always carried out tactfully and very sincerely. Then there is not one of us who has not at one time or another relied upon Miss Turner's good judgment and counsel in personal affairs.

Along with the good wishes from the Old Girls of the school, the present girls would like to say, "thank you" to Miss Turner and wish her every success and happiness in her new life in Havergal College and Toronto.

THE GIRLS

* * *

It is with the greatest regret that we say goodbye to Miss Turner, who has been at Rupert's Land so long. We find it very hard to think of the school without her. As senior English and History teacher she has throughout the years exerted the finest influence on the girls who have been under her care, and has won a high reputation for herself in the city and province.

As President of Dalton House Miss Turner has given excellent leadership for many years. Probably we shall remember her especially for her untiring efforts in extra-curricular activities, notably in Dramatic and Literary work. Many fine productions of good plays have been given under her direction, and the Senior Literary Society has given the opportunity to so

many girls to develop their talents through the fortnightly meetings at which they arranged and gave the programmes — play-readings, debates, essays and critical studies of poets, and so on. And "The Eagle" particularly has owed so much to her guidance, which has always been such that the girls working on the executive have gained very valuable experience in how to carry through such a large undertaking, using as many individuals as possible to take their share in the whole.

Outside the school Miss Turner has made a real contribution to the life of the community, especially through the Poetry Society of which she has been the president during this past year. Indeed many will be those who will feel Miss Turner's loss. All those who have known her and her work will wish her every success and happiness in the new sphere of work she has chosen.

* * *

It is hard to say goodbye to Miss Eldred who has been with us for ten years, and through whose capable hands has passed a succession of Grade III and IV little girls. As President of Machray House Miss Eldred has been in touch with all ages in the school, and has shown a real interest in every phase of school life. We congratulate the city school whose staff she is joining on gaining such a splendid teacher. Her friends on the staff here will miss her greatly, but we hope that she will often visit us. Our warmest wishes go with her as she takes up her new position.

* * *

After six years as teacher of Mathematics and Canadian History and form tteacher of Grade IX, Miss Speers is leaving us this term. During her time with us she has shown many interests, and we shall remember most vividly, perhaps, her performance as the scientist in the staff play, "World Without Men." Geography has been a real enthusiasm, and in illustrating phases of this subject, as well as History and Science, Miss Speers has shown many interesting films on the school projector. We shall miss her next year, and our best wishes go with her wherever she may be.

* * *

Miss McLean has felt the need of resigning owing to ill health, and though sorry to say

goodbye to her, we approve of her decision to take a well-earned rest before resuming work in another school. Miss McLean has taught French and Latin in the high school for five and a half years, and has produced some good language scholars. As Jones House President she has made a good contribution to the life of the school. We wish her every success in the future.

* * *

In her three years in the school Miss Peirson has given most liberally of her time and energy in all sorts of undertakings, and we shall certainly miss her ever-ready help. As Guide Captain in particular she has shown enthusiasm, and has given much time to the girls of the Ninth Company. We were very proud when she was made District Captain. Our congratulations go to Miss Peirson on her winning of the degree of Bachelor of Education this spring; and we wish for her great success in her career, so well deserved by her ambition and efforts.

* * *

Although Miss Gilhuly has been with us only one year, during that time she has made a real place for herself in the school, by her general friendliness and interest in the affairs of Dalton House and school in general. Her Irish wit is always refreshing, and her love of cats is something that Anna and Timmy will always bear witness to. Miss Gilhuly plans to resume her teaching in the country, which she prefers to city life. Our best wishes go with her.

* * *

The very much travelled Miss Fowler has spent six months with us, teaching piano. We have enjoyed her reminiscences of South Africa and other parts of the world — she has contributed an article to this Year Book — and has tried to sate her appetite for sampling things Canadian. Making the most of her brief stay, Miss Fowler has visited points near Winnipeg, studied bird life and flowers, and in fact absorbed a great deal of local colour. She has always been ready to assist as accompanist and we have enjoyed her spirited playing of the hymns at morning and evening prayers. We wish her happiness in whatever she undertakes next.

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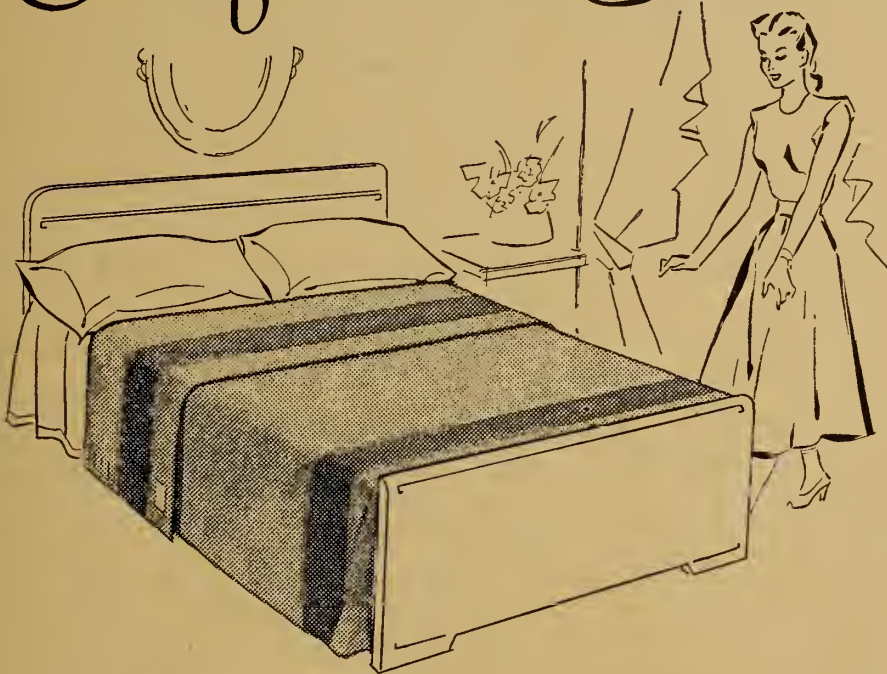
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